The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 30. Vol. V. MARCH, 1894. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* March *will be noticed in the* April *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th April, *in the* May *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is about to visit the Bahamas, where he intends to make a stay of from two to three weeks. It is probable that he will also pay a visit to this country within the next three or four months.

Mr. Jerome has secured for early publication in *To-Day* a new poem by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, entitled "The Rhyme of the True Thomas." The subject of the poem is the conferring of titles on men of letters, a matter on which Mr. Walter Besant has from time to time written in the *Author* and elsewhere.

Mr. Lockwood Kipling is, we hear, doing the illustrations to some of the stories in his son's new volume of "Beast" stories, 'The Jungle Book.'

Dr. Doyle, who is still at Davos Platz, has practically completed his new novel, which will be entitled 'The Stark Monro Letters.'

Dr. Doyle meditates publishing his long promised collections of medical stories and papers in the autumn. Some of them have already appeared serially in the *Idler*.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. will issue in the early spring Mr. G. A. Sala's 'Things I have Seen and People I have Met,' a collection of papers which have appeared serially in the *Daily Telegraph* and elsewhere.

On the completion of its serial run, Messrs. Methuen and Co. will publish Mr. Stanley Weyman's 'Under the Red Robe' in book form in this country, and Messrs. Longmans will be the publishers in America.

Mr. F. S. Ellis writes us that, after considering the matter very much, it appears to him that Shelley wrote scarcely anything, from 'Queen Mab' to the latest of his work, that is not worth reprinting. It has been determined, therefore, that the Kelmscott Shelley shall contain the whole of the poems.

Mr. Christie Murray has nearly completed a one-volume novel, 'A Capful of Nails.' It deals with the life of the nail-makers, and is founded on fact. It will first appear in serial form.

Messrs. A. P. Watt and Son have removed from 2, Paternoster Square to Hastings House, Norfolk Street, Strand.

Sir Thomas Clark, Bart., retired from the firm of Messrs. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh, on June 28th, 1886, in favour of his son, Mr. John Maurice Clark. On January 1st, 1894, the latter received into partnership his brother, Mr. Thomas George Clark. The firm will be continued under the old designation.

We are very sorry to hear of the sudden death of Mr. R. Lamb Wallace, barrister-at-law, at the early age of thirty-five. Mr. Wallace, who was a son of Dr. Wallace, the well-known M.P. for Edinburgh, was taking a good place in his profession, and he was a diligent and successful journalist. He contributed to The Bookman the review which we published recently of Captain Lugard's book.

Sherlock Holmes is to have a successor. Mr. David Christie Murray is engaged on a series of detective stories, which will shortly be commenced in the *Woman at Home*. Those who know that excellent novel, 'A Dangerous Catspaw,' written by Mr. Christie Murray and his brother, will expect great things from the new stories.

Maarten Maartens has completed his new novel. It will appear in serial form in the *Graphic* during 1895, and will thereafter be published by Messrs. Bentley. This is the first serial which Maarten Maartens has published outside of *Temple Bar*. He has finished a remarkable short story, entitled 'A Drop of Blood,' which will be published in the *Woman at Home*.

A Boston firm has issued Dante Rossetti's 'House of Life' in its full text. The preface says that the edition of 1870 is followed, not that of 1881 and upwards. "The deplorable circumstance is well known which led to the too sensitive withdrawal of one of the sequence and to the revision of others, a mistaken sacrifice of beauty to a mistakenly imposed ideal." The makers of this edition revert by choice to the poet's original plan of work; "as the 'House of Life' stood in Rossetti's mind, so it stands once again in its innocence and perfection." The volume is embellished with three ornamental borders and 114 initial letters, designed by B. G. Goodhue.

The memorial to the late Professor Minto is to take the form of a scholarship or prize in connection with either the English class or the logic class in the University of Aberdeen. If funds permit, a bust of Professor Minto is also to be kept in view. Over £150 has been already subscribed.

Moira O'Neill contributes an article on Dante to the March number of *Blackwood's Magazine*. She has been a student of Dante for years, especially during a prolonged stay in Italy. One of the best authorities on Dante writes: "The article is very closely written, nothing superfluous either in thought or language." He thinks it "treats the subject in quite an unhackneyed way."

Mr. Marion Crawford has written a new novel for publication during the latter half of the current year in the *Lady's Pictorial*, in which his 'Pietro Ghisleri' proved so great a success.

The Palestine Exploration Fund are about to bring out a new edition of Major Conder's 'Judas Maccabæus,' which was formerly published as one of the volumes in the "New Plutarch Series" issued by Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co.

Mr. W. H. Wilkins, who is known under the name of W. H. de Winton as the author of 'St. Michael's Eve,' etc., has collaborated with Mr. Herbert Vivian in a new novel, entitled 'The Green Bay Tree.'

We are glad to hear that the "English Library" is being continued—a new volume having appeared, and others having been arranged for. The series includes many of the best works in recent English fiction.

Mr. Bloundelle Burton's 'The Adventures of Viscount Anerley' will conclude its serial run in the *People* some time in July or August next, and will be followed by a new novel from the pen of Mr. W. Clark Russell.

The portrait of "Moira O'Neill" in our present issue is from a photograph by Mr. J. Thomson, Grosvenor-street, W.

The new periodical, *St. Paul's*, which is to be issued by Mr. Reichardt, formerly of *Pick-Me-Up*, will probably be published in March. Mr. Tighe Hopkins is the literary editor, and a story is to be contributed by Mr. F. C. Phillips.

We greatly regret to record the death of Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson. She was a grand-niece, not niece, of Fenimore Cooper. She was born at Claremont, New Hampshire, about forty-four years ago, and did not begin to write till after the death of her father in 1869. A short story published in *Harper* for July, 1870, was her first literary work, but she did not publish a book till 1879. The volume was a collection of stories called 'Castle Nowhere,' Lake Country Sketches.' And in the following year another collection appeared, entitled 'Radman Keeper, Southern Sketches.' These, however, were not particularly successful, and are not very well known. Her first real success was in 'Anne,' a novel first printed in *Harper's Magazine* for 1881-82. At that time Miss Woolson came over to Europe and stayed in various places, chiefly in Italy and in Oxford. In Oxford society she was well known, and would have been still better known if her infirmity of deafness had not in some degree isolated her. She went to Venice

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

some time ago, thinking that she would have more leisure for literary work. There she appears to have suffered from a peculiar kind of nostalgia, and one of her letters says:—

"The world has never produced a more home-loving woman than I am, yet by a strange fate I have been homeless for twenty years. I should not refer to that here if I had not heard a lady say that the same complaint comes up frequently from women who have rushed into the battle of life. With all their triumphs, said she, they look longingly to that condition for which their affections and their love of locality fit them. After all, your true woman is not a globe-trotter at heart, and hardly a tourist. To be continually on the go, like an Arab, seems to be the very negation of those amiable virtues with which we always associate the word home."

The story that she committed suicide is happily false. She had an attack of influenza, which resulted in high fever. The night nurse left her for a moment for something which was needed. During her short absence, in a sudden access of delirium, Miss Woolson rose from her bed, and while apparently wandering about the room, fell through the open window into the street below. She was picked up immediately and lived a short time, but never regained consciousness.

An author's reading is to be given in Boston; the proceeds will be devoted to the relief of the suffering poor. Mark Twain, Colonel T. W. Higginson, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Mrs. Julia C. R. Dore, and others will read, and it is expected that a large sum of money will be raised.

An ingenious development of advertising is reported from America. A pamphlet has been published entitled 'The Story of my First Watch,' told by eminent Americans. A shrewd manufacturer of watches has induced fifteen or twenty well-known men and women to write from a quarter to half a page, telling how they came into possession of their first watches. The whole is made up into a little book with portraits of the writers, and some of the stories are extremely interesting.

Mr. Joaquin Miller has recently issued in America, through Messrs. Stone and Kemball, of Chicago, a new book, entitled 'The Building of the City Beautiful.' It is somewhat upon the lines of Mr. William Morris's 'News from Nowhere.'

The same publishers are also preparing an *edition de luxe* of Mr. Hamlin Garland's 'Prairie Songs.'

We hear that after the publication of the April number, Mrs. Graham R. Tomson will cease to be the editor of *Sylvia's Journal*. Admirers of Mrs. Tomson's beautiful verse will be glad to hear that she hopes to publish, through Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane, another volume of poems in the autumn.

A good interview with Mr. Thomas Hardy, by Frederick Dolman, appears in the *Young Man* for March, in the course of which Mr. Hardy says that he was foolish enough to part with the acting rights of 'The Three Wayfarers' for a period of three years, so that there is not much prospect of the thing seeing light again for some time. He remembers that in the first edition of 'Desperate Remedies' there were many passages exhibiting similar plainness to 'Tess.' Some of these were eliminated in the one-volume edition in deference to his publishers; but he regrets this, and proposes to restore them. The old house of the D'Urbervilles, in which Tess makes her confession on the day of her marriage with Angel Clare is but ten miles from Dorchester. It is known not as "Wellbridge House," but as "Woolbridge House."

Mr. Hardy mentioned that he had far more material in his note-books and in his head than he would ever be able to make use of. He went on: "I don't believe in that idea of a man's imaginative powers becoming naturally exhausted; I believe that if he liked, a man could go on writing till his physical strength gave out. Most men exhaust themselves prematurely by something artificial—their manner of living—Scott and Dickens, for example. Victor Hugo, on the other hand, who was so long in exile, and who necessarily lived a very simple life during much of his time, was writing as well as ever till he died at a good old age. So, too, was Carlyle, if we except his philosophy, the least interesting part of him. The great secret is, perhaps, for a writer to be content with the life he was leading when he made his first success; not to enter into a constantly increasing round of social pleasures and gaiety. Do I? Well, I spend here at least six months of the year, seldom paying a visit anywhere, though I get a good many visitors. I find that in these six months I can do more work than I could in London all the year. Thus I am free to spend the remaining six months as I please—three or four months in London, a month or two at country-houses, in Scotland, or on the Continent."

We regret to hear of the death of Mr. Henry Page, the artist who executed the medallion of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome which was exhibited in the Royal Academy a year or two ago.

A correspondent writes:—

Did Charles Reade dictate his novels to a shorthand writer? The question is suggested by the opening sentence in Chapter X. of 'Never Too Late to Mend,' which reads as follows:

"Mr. Meadows lived in a house that he had *conquered* three years ago by lending money on it at a fair interest in his own name."

Would not "acquired" be the word intended, not "conquered"? The shorthand forms of the two words are identical, or, at most, differ only in the position of a dot, which some stenographers would omit altogether. Thus the mistake is one that might easily be made in transcribing the shorthand notes.

Lady Violet Greville has ready for publication a volume of short stories, to which she proposes giving the title of 'Love Stories.'

Admirers of the late Arthur O'Shaughnessy, the poet, will be glad to hear that a selection from the best of his poems is now being prepared for publication by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who will contribute a biographical and critical introduction. The volume will be published in America by Messrs. Stone and Kemball, of Chicago, who have issued some of the books published in England by Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane, and who are fast taking a similar place, among American publishers, to that held in England by Messrs. Mathews and Lane. Arthur O'Shaughnessy, who, by-the-bye, was brother-in-law to Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet, came very markedly under the influence of Mr. Swinburne and also of Edgar Allan Poe, but his work well deserves reviving. No arrangements have, we believe, as yet been made for the issue of the volume in England.

For cool impudence, the course recently adopted by an American publisher in regard to a non-copyright English book would be hard to equal. This gentleman, in view of the great popularity of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's works in England, determined patriotically to give the United States the benefit of his volumes; but not content with annexing Mr. Jerome's book, he actually altered the dedication so as to make it appear that the book was dedicated to himself, the publisher.

A widespread regret is expressed in America at the death of Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia. Mr. Childs, in his life of nearly sixty-five years, never held a public office, and until two years ago never made a public speech, but his position as a philanthropist and a patriot secured for him universal respect. The profits from the publication of his paper, the Philadelphia *Ledger*, are said to have averaged £200 a day; but the sudden death of his nearest companion and business partner, Anthony J. Drexel, early last summer, brought out the fact that Mr. Drexel, and not Mr. Childs, held the controlling interest in the *Ledger*, and had made provision in his will for his representatives buying out Mr. Childs. A son of Archdeacon Farrar is engaged in the office of the *Ledger*.

Surprising as it may seem, none of Mr. Ruskin's works have ever been translated into any foreign language. In 1885 'The Shrine of the Slaves' (one of the supplements to 'St. Mark's Rest') was done into Italian and put into type, but not published. We have never heard of any complete book having even been attempted, although we see from Mr. Ruskin's letters to M. Ernest Chesneau (of which Mr. Thomas J. Wise is printing a few copies for private circulation) that M. Chesneau at one time proposed to translate some of Mr. Ruskin's works into French, adding Introductions of his own. The letter written in reply to M.

Chesneau's suggestion of the project is so interesting in many respects that we quote it in full.

"DENMARK HILL,
LONDON, S.E.
February 13th, 1867.

"MY DEAR SIR,

I am sincerely obliged by the favour of your letter, and of the volumes which accompanied it, and I am heartily grateful for the flattering expression of your wish to translate, and write an introduction to, some of my works. I am quite sure that I could never hope for more just and more charitable interpretation. I am entirely convinced that the spirit (*body* I would more sadly say) of the age is such as to render it wholly impossible for it to nourish or receive any great art whatsoever. It has polluted and crushed our Turner into the madnesses which you saw (and which none mourned more than I), it has turned your Gustave Doré into a mirror of the mouth of Hell; made your Gérome an indecent modeller in clay instead of a painter, and puffed up the conscientious vanity of the Germans into unseemly mimicries of ancient error and hollow assumption of repulsive religion. I have no hope for any of us but in a change in the discipline and framework of all society, which may not come to pass yet, nor perhaps at all in your days; and therefore it is that I do not care to write more, or to complete what I have done, feeling it all useless. Still less to send it abroad in its crude state.

Always believe me,
My dear Sir,
Faithfully and respectfully yours,
J. RUSKIN."

In 1882 M. Chesneau commenced to write his book, 'La Peinture Anglaise,' which was subsequently translated into our language, and published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., under the title of 'The English School of Painting,' with a preface by Professor Ruskin. M. Chesneau questioned his friend, the enthusiastic admirer and defender of Turner and the Pre-Raphaelites, as to his connection with those painters. The following extracts from two of Professor Ruskin's letters, written in reply, throw considerable light upon this subject.

The first is dated September 4th, 1882:—

"This, only, I think it may be well that I should say as to the relation of their aims to mine; that—without being actually conscious of their concurrence with me—they were the first who practically carried out the methods of study from Landscape which were recommended in my analysis of the Art of Turner; and that with them, as with him, the Nature or the Motive of human passion which they represented were always *primary*—the making of a picture, *secondary*.

"To Claude and Poussin, rocks and trees were only created in order to make Claudesque and Poussinesque compositions. But, in Turner's mind, he himself and all that is in him were only made to paint rocks and trees. Similarly the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood systematically subordinated their pictures to the reality—and became often harsh and apparently artless, from intensity of honest emotion."

The second was written on December 28th, 1882:—

"Alas! I cannot tell you whether Patmore indeed wrote or spoke to me about Hunt. I cannot doubt that he did. But my real introduction to the whole school was by Mr. Dyce, R.A., who dragged me, literally, up to the Millais picture of *The Carpenter's Shop*, which I had passed disdainfully, and forced me to look for its merits. Afterwards, various friends asked me to look at this picture, or that; until Millais' *Huguenot*, and Hunt's *Light of the World*, asserted the power of the school without my further need of help from anybody.

"Millais first showed me the beauty of extreme minuteness and precision, my own predilections having been formed by such work as Correggio's background in the *Antiope*, and Tintoret's in the *Susannah*—which France disgraces herself by putting up out of sight in the Louvre, while she exhibits Rembrandt's beastly old woman as close as she can get her. What a shame, too, to put those divine frescoes of Botticelli (fearfully spoiled as they are by transit and repair) outside in the passage—and with no glass over them!"

The following, forming as it does a condensed supplement to the 'Eagle's Nest,' is of unusual interest. It is extracted from a letter, dated December 30th, 1882:—

"It delights me that you are interested in *Eagle's Nest*, and that you tell me of the question you feel about anatomy. I have not enough expressed in that book one important point in the matter, namely that a painter's knowledge of anatomy *must* always be superficial and vulgar—therefore pretentious, and harmful to his dignity of character.

"Hold up your thumb with its back towards you, so as to see the muscles that move it at the back of the hand. Bend it, and move it (without moving the rest of the hand) to the right and left, variously stretching and bending it. How many days, or months, do you suppose it would take to understand and illustrate by diagrams, comprehensively, the relative play of the working sinews, and the action of the skin in following it, in the case of that single digit? And after you had mastered the entire machinery of these, do you suppose you would be one bit nearer the power of either *choosing the exactly right action* which would express the passions of the hand,—or of painting it with the right foreshortenings of the bends, and gradations of relief in skin and muscle? You would be a twelvemonth in mastering the gestures of *one* hand of your hero! and when you had anatomized it, wouldn't be a bit nearer painting it; while trusting to your sight and genius, you might sketch the hand full of life in twenty positions in as many minutes—and never think of one bone or one sinew all the time!

"Of course great men generally get interested in anatomy; and of course also in Sculpture the object of the statue is often to express and illustrate the sinews. But in Painting, given the absolute power of the artist, less or more, and the rule holds absolutely—the more he is of an anatomist, the less he is of a painter. . . .

"Will you ask the next lover you meet how far he thinks the beauty of his mistress's forearm depends on the double bones in it; and of her humerus on the single one?

"I expect much from the book on Artists' education. But they're very like pigs as far as *I* know them; and all I can say is—I hope that flogging won't be abolished in any schools instituted for them by modern enlightenment. . . .

"Pardon my scrawled letter, but if I write neatly, I can't think; and if I think carefully, I can't write."

In conclusion we cannot refrain from giving a part of a letter of a more personal nature, eminently characteristic of the writer:—

"BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
April 3rd, 1883.

"DEAR, VERY TRULY DEAR, M. CHESNEAU,

I am so very, very sorry for you, and yet so glad that you have had your mother to love so long, and that you have so loved her: and that her loss, at this age, is yet so noble a sorrow to you.

"There is no human sorrow like it. The father's loss, however loved he may have been, yet can be in great part replaced by friendship with old and noble friends. The mother's is a desolation which I could not have conceived, till I felt it.

"When I lost my mistress, the girl for whom I wrote *Sesame and Lilies*, I had no more—nor have ever had since, nor shall have—any joy in exertion; but the loss of my mother took from me the power of Rest. . . .

"I cannot tell you how grateful and proud I am in your sympathy in the things I have endeavoured to say.

Ever your faithful and affectionate,

J. RUSKIN."

We think our readers will agree with us that the above extracts are of such general interest as to justify our quoting them from a privately printed volume.

CHARLES LAMB'S SONNET.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. W. H. Covington, makes no attempt to identify the lady to whom Charles Lamb addresses the sonnet which we have to thank him for preserving. I think there is no doubt that Miss Sarah Burney was the daughter of the Rev. Charles Burney and wife to Mr. John Thomas Payne, of the famous bookselling firm of Payne and Foss, of Pall Mall. In one of C. Lamb's letters he mentions the kind attention shown by Mrs. Payne to his sister when suffering from one of her mental attacks during the visit of the brother and sister to Paris. I have in my possession a copy of the first edition of 'Elia's Essays,' with the inscription on the fly-leaf in the author's well-known autograph, "Mrs. J. Payne, with Elia's friendly remembrances."

I had in my care for some years an autograph composition of Beethoven's belonging to this lady, the history of which, as related to me by her husband, was of some interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Payne, on their honeymoon, visited Vienna, and took the opportunity to call on the great composer. They were informed that he saw no one, but they nevertheless begged that their cards might be given to him, on which they wrote that the lady was the granddaughter of Dr. Burney, the historian of music. Thereupon Beethoven received them most courteously, and expressed the pleasure he had in seeing the descendant of so great a man. They had just reached the street, when he came hastily down the stairs after them with a sheet of music, which he had composed impromptu, and begged Mrs. Payne's acceptance of it. This interesting autograph I believe to be still in existence. It is only about twelve years since I had it in my charge.

F. S. ELLIS.

ARTHUR HALLAM'S POEMS.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—In the January number of THE BOOKMAN, which has just reached me, there are some interesting notes regarding a copy of Arthur Hallam's Poems, which, bound up with Tennyson's volume of 1830, was sold at Sotheby's on December 13th. It is said the copy was "imperfect, having no title-page." But had the volume ever a title-page? I asked this question in *Notes and Queries* about a year ago (I cannot give the exact date, as my books are packed up, but I am almost sure it was in January, 1893). My own copy was purchased by me through Mr. Pearson, then of York Street, Covent Garden, from the sale of the books belonging to the late Mr. W. Bodham Donne, Examiner of Plays. It had a presentation inscription to Mr. Donne, who was an associate of Hallam's at Cambridge, and I presume it to be quite perfect. It had no regular title-page, but only a half-title. The poems are bound up in green half morocco with Tennyson's 'Poems, chiefly Lyrical,' 1830, and the volume is in beautiful condition, being entirely uncut. With the exception of Mr. Pearson's brief tenancy, it has been in no hands but Mr. Donne's and my own, and it is not likely that when Mr. Donne had the two volumes bound together, he would have cancelled the title to Hallam's brochure, retaining the half-title. I should be very glad to know if you have ever seen a copy with a title-page, because if so, its rarity would be so great as to justify a facsimile in THE BOOKMAN.

I noticed the remarks in Sotheby's catalogue of the sale, and sent a copy to *Notes and Queries*, which has probably been inserted by this time. As regards the intention of H. and T. to produce a joint volume, please see my first note on the subject referred to above.—Yours faithfully,

W. F. PRIDEAUX,

Ajmere, Rajputana, 25th Jan., 1894. *Colonel.*

THE AUTOGRAPH SALES OF 1893-4.

(*Continued from page* 113.)

Southey (Robert). Thirty-six long, most valuable and interesting Autograph Letters addressed to John May, Esq., between the years 1798-1838, covering 110 pp. 4to, on literary and other matters. A most important collection. £10 15s.

Sterne (Laurence) A. L. 3 pp. 4to, to Messrs. Foley and Panchaude. Very interesting letter, with portrait. £4 15s.

["Have you got the 9th Vol. of Shandy? 'Tis like the best of all here. I am going to publish a Sentimental Journey through France and Italy. The undertaking is protected and highly encouraged by all our Noblesse, and at the rate 'tis subscribed for, will bring me a thousand guineas (au moins), 'twill be an original large quarto, the subscription half-a-guinea. If you can procure me the honour of a few names of men of science or fashion I shall thank you, they will appear in good company, as all the nobility here almost have honoured me with their names."]

Swinburne (Algernon Charles). MS. of "A Word for the Navy," 1885, 4 pp. folio. £12.

[In the publication the words "Dark Muscovy" in the 4th and "Muscovy" in the 8th verse have been substituted for "Strong Germany" and "Germany" in the MS.]

Tennyson (Alfred, Lord). MS. of "Mungo the American. A Tale by Alfred Tennyson. Showing how he found a sword, and afterwards how it came to the possession of the right owner, after the space of two years." Written in 1823, and never published. £30.

Tennyson (Alfred). Original Autograph MSS. of the "Alcaics on Milton"; the "Hendecasyllabics"; the "Introduction to the translation of the 'Iliad,'" etc., together with an important A. L. s. to his publisher. £40.

Tennyson (Alfred). A portion of the MS. of "The Golden Supper," containing many variations from the printed version. £7 7s.

Tennyson (Alfred, Lord). A. L. s. 1 p. 8vo, Aug. 17, 1870, to H. R. Moore, on literary matters. £1 1s.

Thackeray (William Makepeace). MS. of the Lecture on Swift, 30 pp. 8vo. £79.

[Exordium at beginning of lecture and two pages discussing Humours of Gulliver missing. Mrs. Ritchie has written on back of envelope: "Complete in my father's writing; only exordium missing.—A. R."]

Thackeray (W. M.). MS. of the two Ballads of "John Hayes" and "Catherine Hayes," 4 pp. 8vo. £11 11s.

[Note in Mrs. Ritchie's writing: "The first occasioned much anger at the time, the Irish taking it as an insult to the singer. The second is written as a sort of Explanation."]

Thackeray (W. M.). A. L. s. 2 pp. 8vo, to Mr. Phillip, dated Kensington, Saturday. Regarding "that unlucky criticism in the *Times*, about which I wasn't in the least angry, for surely the Lord hath delivered my enemies into my hands." £5 15s.

Toplady (Augustus). A. L. s. three most closely written pages, folio, London, 30th July, 1776, to the Countess of Huntingdon. This magnificent letter, probably the finest extant, is full of interest, and treats of all sorts of subjects, as well as on religious matters. £7 7s.

Victoria (H.M. the Queen). A. L. s. 3 pp. 8vo, to the Duchess of Gloucester, dated Buckingham Palace, May 22, 1847. Should be glad of some bonnets of that pretty straw for our little girls. £5 2s. 6d.

Voltaire. A. L. s. 1 p. 4to, 30th April, 1774, to Mon. Luzac, fine specimen. 25s.

Washington (George). L. s. 3 pp. folio, Head Quarters, Newburgh, 3rd Aug., 1782, to John Moylan, in reference to clothing—Autograph address of letter, signed. £2 10s.

Washington (George). A. L. s. 3 pp. folio, to James Mercer, Mount Vernon, Dec. 26, 1774, regarding purchase of land and cattle. Does not want to pay too much, and thinks the seller "too sanguine in your expectations." £15 15s.

T. J. WISE.

MONTHLY REPORT ON THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

JAN. 16 TO FEB. 17, 1894.

The forecast with which the February report closed has been realised. The month (as above denoted) opened a little easier, but soon settled into good steady trade, at times brisk. At the moment of writing it is very much easier, but Lent publications keep it from reaching summer level.

There is unfortunately (from a trade point of view) a tendency to a lessening of the published prices of the books used in the middle class schools, and this, coupled with the issue of geography, grammar, etc., in, perhaps, half-a-dozen courses at 1d. to 3d. each, help to diminish the bulk of trade. This is a serious matter. The country bookseller should further bear in mind that the wholesale spends large

sums annually in wages of collectors in fruitless hunting for obscure publications, or those probably never issued, and so cannot be found, and for this labour they do not receive a single penny. Perhaps he will bear it in mind when there is a chance of giving them a few stock lines, for which they are always grateful.

The leading school books are :—

History, Geography, Grammar } Meiklejohn.
Algebra, Arithmetic } Hamblin Smith.
Euclid—Todhunter.
French—Chardenal's Courses.
Latin, Greek } Dr. W. Smith's Courses.
German—Otto.

Before leaving school books, it is curious to note that in the Province of Ulster there is still a demand for old school books which elsewhere have been out of use for at least a quarter of a century.

There has been free inquiry for Lent literature. Canon Body's 'Guided Life' and Rev. T. B. Dover's 'Lenten Manual' appear to lead, supported by the various writings of Canons Knox Little and Scott Holland, and Rev. L. C. Skey.

Both 3s. 6d. and 6s. novels receive much attention, and the issues of Blackmore, Black, and Hardy at 2s. 6d. are very popular. In the last report it was stated that "a good author can still rely upon a favourable reception at 6s." The continued demand for 'The Heavenly Twins' and 'Dodo,' and the good start given to 'A Gentleman of France,' not to mention the anxious awaiting of the issue of Edna Lyall's 'To Right the Wrong,' point to corroborate the statement. On the other hand, continued orders for 'Ships that Pass,' etc., and 'The Scallywag' show that the lower price is appreciated in its turn.

There is a perennial market for sound works of travel, and for the moment South Africa and South America appear to be the more favoured spots. If the author be a naturalist or a sportsman, its reception is the more hearty. The expression, "sound works of travel," is used in contradistinction to mere diaries compiled by those who are vulgarly termed "globe-trotters."

In connection with the statement last month respecting "process" illustrations, let the reader obtain, if possible, a sight of 'In the Track of the Sun,' by F. D. Thompson, and the remark that "perfection in book illustration may be said to have been reached" will be well understood.

The beautiful "Border" edition of the Waverley Novels continues to be favourably received. How it can be produced at the price is indeed a wonder.

The feature of the magazine trade for the present is the enormous demand that has arisen for publications of the type of the *Strand Magazine*. Strange to say, the issue of this class of literature seems to create its own public, for, as far as can be ascertained, the old-established monthlies have not suffered.

Below is a list of a few of the principal works in demand during the month in question :—

The Scallywag. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d.
A Gentleman of France. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
The Heavenly Twins. By Sarah Grand. 6s.
Ships that Pass in the Night. By B. Harraden. 3s. 6d.
The Guided Life. By Canon Body. 3s. 6d.
The Kingdom of God. By Count Tolstoi. 3s. 6d.
Riding Recollections. By H. Custance. 15s.
A Lenten Manual. By Rev. T. B. Dover. 1s. 6d.
The Burden of Belief. By the Duke of Argyll.

SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

Week ending
Jan. 20, 1894.—Opened with a slight decline, but soon improved and became steady. Colonial market active.
Jan. 27, 1894.—Checked at commencement, but rallied, and held good to close. Colonies steady, but India improving.
Feb. 3, 1894.—Opened brisk, and was well maintained, slightly easing at the finish. Colonies looking up, especially Australasia.
Feb. 10, 1894.—Did not maintain brisk opening, but fluctuated, and finished easier. Colonies steady.
Feb. 17, 1894.—Opened well, but eased in the middle, and finished rather quiet. This was owing to the conclusion of the School Season. Colonies a little better, with marked improvement from India.

Trade may now be expected to be quiet, kept up until Easter by the Lent literature already referred to.

NEW WRITERS.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

OUR present-day English literature is fast becoming an Irish literature. Among the promising young Irish writers to whom we owe much in the way of poetry, story, and legend, "Moira O'Neill" must already be counted. She has done some excellent work, and she has raised our expectations.

"Moira O'Neill" is Miss Nesta Higginson, her *pseudonym* being a combination of the Christian names of her father and mother. Her parents are both Irish, of County Antrim families, and she is the third of seven children. The custom of their house is that the brothers serve the Queen, and the sisters keep the home, and this tradition remains unbroken in the present generation. Though most of the family were born in the Island of Mauritius, their childhood was spent almost entirely between their two homes, in the glens of Antrim. But before they were grown up they were taken by their parents to Italy, where they lived for four years, learning what they pleased of art, or music, or languages, one of the chief influences on their minds and tastes being their mother's great delight in all things beautiful. The choice of studies was left to themselves. Miss Nesta Higginson's ambition at that time was to be an artist, and in Rome, Florence, and Venice she worked in different studios and attended life-classes. She is an excellent linguist, but has always felt more interest in English and Italian literature than in any other, Shakespeare and Dante fascinating her above all other poets. After she had grown up she still kept the habit she had gained while a child, of reading constantly, not many books, but the same a dozen times over. Even while her ambitions were set on painting, she had an intense interest and belief in literature. The time she spent on pictorial art she has, however, never regretted. Her knowledge of drawing she finds a great help to expression in words, teaching her the necessity of precision of line, and of deciding with absolute certainty what effect she means to produce. She holds strongly that young writers who wish to cultivate a sense of literary proportion should learn to draw.

At home in Ireland again, Miss Higginson and her sister began to feel the need of translating their impressions of

life into some kind of language. But in the meanwhile they had changed their vehicles of expression. "Moira O'Neill" began to write stories, and her sister, who had before burned to be a musician, now wished to paint pictures. That these ambitions were no mere vague impulses was soon proved. Miss May Higginson's first picture was hung by the Royal Academy in the exhibition of 1890, and in the same year "Born on Hallow E'en," "Moira O'Neill's" first story, was published in the December number of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Mr. Blackwood wrote a letter, full of unstinted praise, in acknowledgment of the contribution sent him by an unknown girl in Ireland, and Miss Higginson expresses warmly her sense of obligation to him for his great courtesy, and his friendly encouragement. The first verses sent to the same magazine, "Sea Wrack," written, like the first story, in the Antrim dialect, were also accepted. Since then she has written constantly in *Blackwood*, stories, literary articles, and poems. Last September there appeared a very notable article describing the neighbourhood of her own home, called "The Glens and their Speech."

"Moira O'Neill"

It has been often suggested to her by publishers and friends that a three-volume novel is now her natural and obvious path to distinction and reward. So far she has resisted the suggestion, as she does not consider the three-volume form to be the only heaven-appointed form that serious and substantial work in fiction can take, and, at all events, she does not yet feel called to undertake one. A one-volume novel, however, described by its author as "strictly light-minded," 'An Easter Vacation,' was published last spring by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen. In it she broke new ground, neither the scenes nor the characters being Irish; the life and incidents in an English watering-place supplying the material. The same firm are to bring out a new book by her next autumn, an Irish fairy-tale of a novel kind, called 'An Elf Errant.'

"Moira O'Neill" now spends every winter at Torquay with her family. During the rest of the year, in Ireland, she works out of doors in the fine weather along with her artist-sister. Up the glen, or on the rocks by the sea, in whatever spot suggests a picture for the artist, the story-writer makes her study. There the lyrics and the studies of Irish folks and landscapes have been planned and written, which may account for some of the freshness that has never been absent from anything she has as yet produced. To her future work we look forward with expectation, for already she has written much that is graceful, and never a slovenly page.

THE READER.

BALZAC'S NEW LETTERS.

By FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THROUGH the "usual channels of information"—I mean, of course, through the daily papers—many readers have become aware of the recent publication, in the new *Revue de Paris*, of a series of Balzac's letters. But few have understood their importance. Their interest for the student is great, for in a revelation of their author, that is impressive and almost final, they confirm to the full the view of Balzac which those of us have taken (I took it myself in my little "Life" of him, in the Great Writers Series), who have perceived that by his temperament and inclination, as well as by his power, he is divided widely from those more sordid and limited realists at whose head it was erewhile the fashion to place him; Romance, it has been claimed—often by friend and foe alike—Romance was Victor Hugo's, Materialism was Balzac's. And now Balzac is found—and one has a right to be surprised not of course at the kind, but only at the degree of the manifestation—he is found in mature years to be in his own conduct more simply and absolutely romantic than the most visionary or most warm-hearted school-girl. He works himself into a genuine and indescribable, but always respectful, attachment over a young married woman whom he has never seen, who enquires of him about his stories, who sends him 'Thomas-A'Kempis,' (which he translates later into the *Medecin de Campagne*: "c'est l'Evangile en action"), who writes to him confidentially for a year or two before she meets him, who later receives him as her guest in Russian Poland, and whom he marries at last, in 1850, only several years after the death of her husband.

The facts that have been mentioned latest have been known since about the time say, of the publication of the now familiar couple of volumes of Balzac's Correspondence. It is the earlier and most interesting part of the story that is wholly new. The report had previously been current that Balzac had for the first time been made aware of Madame de Hanska's existence when he was staying at, or passing through, Neuchâtel, in September 1833. She announced, so it was said, her wish to be introduced to him, on hearing that he was at the hotel; and this last autumn (such is the vanity of human effort upon matters after all not profoundly important) I established the fact, in concert

with the present proprietor of the Hôtel Belle Vue at Neuchâtel, that the old but not yet disused Hôtel du Faucon must have been the hostelry in which this memorable meeting took place. The "Faucon," which had been built just in the middle of the little town, but a few years before the date of Balzac's visit, was then the inn at which a traveller of any importance was sure to descend—neither the "Belle Vue" nor the "Lac" existed at that period. Let us take courage, however—our trouble was not so useless as I had for a moment imagined it. The actual meeting-place of two friends, two "lovers" (in Walt Whitman's sense, at all events), is in the end at least as interesting as the meeting-place of two strangers, who were to warm towards each other only in future years. They met, then, we may fairly presume, at the Faucon at Neuchâtel, but met after a correspondence by turns polite and chivalrous, intimate and ardent.

It was no unusual thing for Balzac—the historian, above all things, of men's ambitions and of women's hearts—to receive, together with the compliments, the confessions of the fair. In our own age, an age, perhaps, more enamoured of physical prowess than of intellectual or spiritual achievement, I have not heard that the big novelist or the successful writer of the short story is in frequent receipt of the confidences and eulogiums of women. These, I am informed, when bestowed at all upon the stranger, are reserved, for the most part, nowadays, for the *jeune premier* with a rapid action and a well-made coat. But it was otherwise two generations ago; and Balzac, sometimes complaining of the embarrassment, sometimes on the other hand with not a little of honest pride, avows himself endowed with the functions of a father-confessor. In the two volumes of the well-known 'Correspondence' and in such other writings as have hitherto been accessible, it is chiefly question of a certain anonymous "Louise," whom he never saw, to whom he said many pretty things on writing paper, and to whom he was once minded to dedicate one of his stories. As a rule, I believe, he left unanswered the letters of the stranger—felt, perhaps, that it was enough that they should have been received, and, if they contained anything that was noteworthy, registered, very likely, in the book of his memory, for possible employment in fiction. But now it is made clear, abundantly, that in the case of Evelina de Hanska, not only was there correspondence, intimate if scarcely voluminous, before any personal meeting, but likewise that by means of it such a tie was created, such a mutual fascination formed, as could hardly with ease be broken. And yet what if when they met in the flesh there had been—as after all there might have been—disillusionment! What if Evelina de Hanska had proved as distasteful to Monsieur de Balzac as Anne of Cleves to the too experienced Henry!

He was in the best of all possible moods, however, to be impressed with Madame de Hanska during the period of their earliest correspondence; for unquestionably he was wounded, unquestionably he was sore. Among the friendships—verging sometimes upon love-affairs—which Balzac formed with women, two were at this moment in the crisis of their fate. Many years before the existence of Madame de Hanska became known to him, Balzac had been friend, trustful dependent, would-be lover, probably (it is difficult to express the relationship), of a certain, Madame de Berny. She was a little older than he was, and she helped him in his money troubles when he was young enough to be able to accept her assistance without shame, and she knew the world at a time when, if I may proffer the phrase, he joined the inextinguishable simplicity of the artist to the more prosaic simplicity of the inexperienced. At her house, in the Oise, he had written his brief and restrained masterpiece, *Le Curé de Tours*. Her own difficult virtue, and all her other qualities and characteristics, made, confessedly, much of the interest of *Le Lys dans la Vallée*. That relationship of theirs—into which, as I consider, a morbid element, to some extent, entered—was only wholly broken by Madame de Berny's death. For two years at least she was a victim of mortal illness. It began, and the depression caused by it in Balzac began, about 1833.

But during the year 1832, Balzac, whose feeling towards Madame de Berny—"an angel at my side"—must, with long years, have somewhat changed its character—during the year 1832 Balzac had passed through an experience the end of which he speaks of, long afterwards, as "*un des plus grands chagrins de ma vie.*" And that was his experience with the young Madame de Castries—the Duchess de Castries she became, in due time, some years later—a light of Parisian society fully as fascinating in the quietude of Aix-les-Bains as amidst the distractions of all the *salons* of the capital. It is not from the letters that Balzac wrote to her—not, at all events, from any that have been published—that we know or can surmise how irresistible for Balzac was her personal magnetism. It is rather from certain amongst the letters sent by him to his life-long friend—his sister's school friend—Madame Zulma Carraud, of Angoulême, that we are informed of the effect of Madame de Castries' dealings with him. She was at one time a delight, then a disillusionment, and, then (and, as it seems to me, ever afterwards) a painful yet attractive memory. The rupture—never a quarrel avowed to the outsider, never indeed a rupture that was quite complete, or that was in any way explicable save under the supposition that the lady of the "*belle chevelure Vénétienne*" had a blonde's inconstancy and a Scottish caution—the rupture, such as it was, occurred in the autumn of 1832, when Balzac, who was to have gone over into Italy with the lady and her brother, parted from her at Geneva, and consoled himself (let me be permitted to hope) as best he could, by buying, at that famous dealer's on the Quai des Bergues,* a little of the Carl Théodore porcelain that his soul loved. The "collector," I am informed, is heartless—but he has his compensations.

The second of the just published letters addressed to Madame de Hanska contain sentences which are meaningless, if it is not to Madame de Castries that they refer. "Only Heaven and I can ever understand the frightful energy with which a heart must be endowed, if, being full of tears that are repressed, it must suffice still for literary labours." Again—and this time why should I translate—the cry of a moment: "*Toutes mes passions, toutes mes croyances, sont trompées.*" And he tells his correspondent that Madame Recamier at least never sat as was supposed

* Since moved to the Corratorie.—F. W.

for Fœdora.* "I met a Fœdora once, but her I shall never paint; besides, the *Peau de Chagrin* was written long before I met her."† Yet again, "I made Fœdora out of two women whom I knew, but not intimately. Observation was enough for me; with a few confidences to boot."

What Balzac seems to have been struck with from the first in Evelina de Hanska, was her absolute sincerity and oneness of purpose—the truth of her devotion to his work, and a certain similarity, an immediate sympathy, between his nature and hers. Much of his work, as he avows, has been done to strike the public—to provide the public with that without which it could scarcely accord him the attention that he asked. But "certainly there are books in which I have loved to be myself; and you will know well which they are, for they are those in which my heart has spoken." When, at length, the two came together, at Neuchâtel, in 1833—as in Vienna, and in Russian Poland itself, in later years—there was nothing, it seems, in either to diminish the interest or to break its spell. And the fascination continued. I have for my own part a little theory that the sympathy of the woman, her deep interest in his work, her participation in it (*Séraphita* and some kindred labour, whatever be its defects, would never have existed but for that influence of this mystic Northerner) gave the attachment, as far as Balzac was concerned, something of the features of an attachment of consolation. His early adoration, as I hold, his boyish passion, was for Madame de Berny. And in maturer years his ideal, his very dream of beauty and of charm, was Madame de Castries—the Madame de Castries of her best environment, the Madame de Castries of Aix-les-Bains. Never, I think, in Balzac's life, was that experience, or the force of it, equalled. But in Evelina de Hanska, whether as friend or wife, he discovered and obtained a steady rest—a rest the more assured, it may be, because she entertained for him feelings of a deeper devotion than any that was extended by that admirable and almost lifelong comrade, the blameless and the wise Madame Zulma Carraud.

An idealist, anyhow, he was at the beginning; an idealist he remained to the end. The "*amitiés d'épiderme*"—as he excellently phrased them—attracted him but little. In my short book about him I have already declared that what he sought for and what he obtained was the intimacy of the heart. Gautier knew this. And one-sided, indeed, must those people be, whether the word of their choice is intended for blame or for praise, who, judging either by life or work, think that Balzac is properly described as "materialist" or "realist" alone. The real—which is not always the hideous—he was strong enough to face; yet Romance was essential to him. It is time now that the sentimental and *soi-disant* romantic began to understand that in Balzac there were depths of feeling and of poetry to which they could never approach; and time also that those tiresome disciples of mere ugliness, who account him their yet insufficient master, were informed roundly that whatever the lessons he may half-incidentally have taught them, nothing of Balzac's greatness can ever fairly be claimed as supporting or justifying the narrow limitations of their sordid sect and creed.

* Fœdora, the evil genius, one may say, of the *Peau de Chagrin*.—F. W.

† If this was Madame de Castries, the intention did not always hold good, since more than touches of that charmer there are supposed to be in the *Duchesse de Langeais*.—F. W.

MR. FROUDE'S PREHISTORIC WRITINGS.

THERE are some early writings of Mr. Froude which may be called "prehistoric," not merely because they belong chronologically to a period anterior to the composition and publication of his elaborate History of Tudor England. The epithet may be applied to them because they also exhibit him mentally dominated by influences which he shook off long ago, and describe the struggle between Old and New some fifty years since which agitated many thoughtful young men. On this account those writings of his, few in number, are more or less interesting. They divide themselves into two sections. In the first, we see a Froude devoted personally, and in a measure spiritually, to John Henry Newman. In the second, we see a Froude emancipating himself from High Anglicanism, and seeking for a creed to replace that which he had lost. To the first section belongs a Life of St. Neot, memorials of whom survive in the names of a Cornish village and a town in Huntingdonshire. Mr. Froude has stated in print that he wrote the Life of St. Neot at the request of John Henry Newman, who edited the series of Lives of the Saints to which Mr. Froude's belongs. Mr. Froude was then in his twenty-seventh year, and having taken Deacon's orders, was a Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. To his Life of St. Neot he prefixed an introduction curiously significant of tendencies which led him in time far away from the path followed by his then guide, philosopher, and friend. In this introduction he speaks of the ecclesiastical lives of the mediæval saints as "not so much strict biographies as myths, edifying stories, compiled from tradition and designed not so much to relate facts as to produce a religious impression on the mind of the hearer." That which long after Mr. Froude thus wrote has been termed the mythæopic faculty in man is exceptionally prolific in children and in what Mr. Froude calls "child-like ages," antique or mediæval. "The old Greeks," said Mr. Froude, "saw Naiads sporting in every fountain, and when the breezes played among the branches of the forest they heard the Zephyrs whispering to the Dryads, and the Legends of Saints which still clung to the scenes of their earthly glory are but Christian expressions of the same human instinct." There is more in the same strain, and in fact, with the exception of one sentence in the introduction, it might have been written in 1894 just as well as in 1844. The one sentence is that in which, referring to the marvels abounding in the Lives of the mediæval saints, Mr. Froude says: "We know that such things have happened frequently both among the Jews and in the history of the Church, and therefore there is no *à priori* objection to them." But the reader finds himself breathing a very different atmosphere when from the perusal of this introduction he turns to Mr. Froude's formal biography of St. Neot, one which must have satisfied John Henry Newman himself. The marvels which were said to have happened to the holy man, and the many miracles which he is said to have worked, are reported by Mr. Froude with the utmost gravity, as if they were real and not mythi-

cal. Nay more, occasionally the biographer drops the thread of the narrative, and uses in his own person language which to the reader of to-day indicates in almost startling fashion the vast distance which has been traversed since then by the now thorough-going vindicator of Henry VIII., and against his old Oxford allies the persistent and vehement champion of the English Reformation. Thus, adverting in a spontaneously episodical way to the Saxon King Ina's imprecatory denunciation of any spoiler who should lay impious hands on his donations to famous Glastonbury Abbey, Mr. Froude soliloquizes thus sorrowfully and pathetically. "Vain precautions, those of King Ina," he exclaims. "Nine centuries passed away, and then sate a King on the throne of England who hanged the last Abbot because he lifted up his voice against sacrilege, and refused to surrender the solemn trust which God had given him. Alas for Glastonbury now! her choirs are silent; the virgin of England lies in the dust; her holy places are desolate; her altars are defiled; and ivy hangs on the old walls; the pale stars glimmer through the broken arches on the tombs of the departed saints; and the owl and the night-crow keep their long watches in the desolated aisles where for fifteen hundred years by night and day there went up ceaseless prayers to heaven for the prosperity of England."

Of Mr. Froude's ministrations in the Church of England during that period of his career, there survives a memorial of a date three years later than the publication of his life of St. Neot. It is a tiny opuscule of some twenty pages, and on its title-page, fringed with lines of mourning-black, we read: "A Sermon preached at St. Mary's Church on the death of the Rev. George May Coleridge, the second Sunday after Trinity, 1847. By the Rev. J. A. Froude, M.A., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Torquay: E. Croydon, Bookseller, 1847." In the course of the sermon, which is throughout perfectly orthodox in tone and expression, the preacher speaks of his close intimacy with and affection for the deceased cleric. "His father in the flesh," Mr. Froude said, "was my father in the spirit in Holy Baptism, and when the old man went down into the grave the son took the promises on himself which the father had made." Mr. Coleridge was probably a scion of the famous family of that name. He was a devoted parish priest, and doubtless a very High Churchman, since among his merits prominence was given by the preacher to his friend's institution of a twice-a-day service. Mr. Froude appears to have been residing in Torquay for a short time before he preached the sermon, and possibly was a coadjutor of his friend in good works done in the parish and even in the actual services of the church there. The preacher displays throughout a devout serenity and resignation, while expressing the deepest regret for the loss which he and his friend's flock had sustained, and the language is very simple. The only passage in the sermon which would, in secular phrase, be called "striking," is the following: "It," the death of their pastor, said Mr. Froude, addressing the congregation directly, "has been so sudden; his years gave us no note to prepare ourselves to lose him; he was in the flower of his days. Five weeks ago he was here where I am now standing; it was his last sermon. Do you remember it? He was speaking to you of the sufferings of the past winter, and pointing to the rich promise of abundance with which the earth appeared to be bursting; the long bitter cold seemed at last to have passed away, and the sunshine to be warming us all into life again, and hope and happiness; and he was bidding you remember the merciful change in some especial way, and pray to God to be thankful for it as you ought. It was very strange; as we went into church, the day was so beautiful; the sun was shining as he went up into the pulpit, but as he came to speak of the bright and happy contrast of the present with what we have just passed through, the clouds swept up over the sky, the rain began to fall, the lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled over the church. What a bitter emblem of the suddenness with which our summer has been overcast. The blossom to which he was pointing on the apple trees has scarcely set for the fruit, and spring, and autumn, summer and winter sunshine and rain, are all alike to him now."

Copies of this sermon are doubtless very rare. There is one in the library of the British Museum. The authorities there value it so highly that they have not, as they usually do, bound it in the same volume with a number of other pulpit discourses, but keep it separate in its original paper cover, and allow it to be perused only in the interior recesses of the library, under vigilant supervision.

During the year of the publication, or the printing, of this sermon, appeared, but anonymously, or pseudonymously, a volume by Mr. Froude, which showed him to be in course of drifting from his old moorings. It is entitled 'Shadows of the Clouds. By Zeta.' It consists of two tales, "The Spirit's Trials" and "The Lieutenant's Daughter." The hero of the first tale (which for our present purpose alone concerns us), through a morbid temperament and the unhappiest of circumstances, becomes degraded in his own and the world's eyes, and is cast off, as unworthy of her, by his lady-love. Suddenly, through an access of resoluteness of will, he begins to recover himself and emerges from the Slough of Despond a virtuous and noble man. Having grown too good for this wicked world, he is struck down by a malady which carries him off prematurely, it may perhaps be said fortunately, since when conscious of his approaching end he meets with his first love, who, married to another, has never forgotten him, but he does not live long enough after the meeting for either or both of them to be led into temptation. In the letters and conversations of the hero of the tale during his later and better years, he hovers between a half-orthodoxy and a half-heterodoxy. "I must be allowed," he says, "to love and honour and learn of Newman, as I love and honour and learn of Carlyle." Two things only are necessary, belief in God and belief in duty. "I cannot find that the number of articles you introduce after these produce any corresponding effect upon character, or that the Socinian leads a less virtuous life than the Anglo-Catholic." The hero dies serenely after having received the Sacrament. It would be not only impertinent but absurd to identify Mr. Froude with the hero of his tale. But there is one passage in a letter of the latter which looks very much as if when Mr. Froude wrote it he was in an autobiographical mood. The hero, too, has contributed to the Lives of the Saints, and of this achievement Mr. Froude makes him thus write to a friend who had remonstrated with him on the subject:

"For these lives I certainly do wonder Newman should have asked me to help him with them—Newman, with his profound knowledge of human nature, and who had so lately given me a proof how well he knew me. It was impossible I could really feel towards them as he did, or believe the stories I was to have the relation of. Yet, simply to sympathise with this view, and with an effort for a particular purpose to throw myself into his way of looking at things, though it might not interfere with what I was to produce as a composition, he at least would think the most dangerous trifling and the result of a complete moral disorganisation. Of course, I do not think so, but he would. Perhaps he fancied it was an employment which would do me good. But he must have known that in my state of mind, even if I did in theory believe that that kind of sanctity was the real thing one was to arrive at, I could not heartily sympathise with them as yet, and it was a most dangerous piece of proceeding to start with, to assume and pretend so much of it."

Surely this was intended by Mr. Froude to be an Apologia of his own.

The last of what we have styled Mr. Froude's prehistoric writings was the 'Nemesis of Faith,' published in the year after the appearance of the 'Shadows of the Clouds.' Of this painful book we need say little, for it was published with Mr. Froude's name, and is tolerably well known. In it orthodoxy was thrown to the winds, and in the preface to the second edition Mr. Froude, speaking of its hero and his strongly heterodox utterances, expressly says: "In all questions of pure speculation, and in these I include the whole systematic framework, historical or doctrinal, of religion; in judgment and feeling, when others and not himself are the objects of them, I have supposed him to be true and genuine—that is, I am ready to avow as my own whatever so far my hero expresses." In one short year Mr. Froude had travelled far from the sermon at Torquay to the 'Nemesis of Faith.'

F. ESPINASSE.

MR. LANG'S 'ST. ANDREWS.'

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—In the interests of the innocent printers, I ought to make one remark about Mr. Hay Fleming's review of my 'St. Andrews.' I wrote the book at St. Andrews, using the University Library, as I do not possess many of the works cited. As I had to leave St. Andrews, the Librarians of the University very kindly corrected the proofs, comparing the authorities and references. These carefully corrected proofs were in my hands—after that I am unable to account for what became of the corrections, or many of them. But I wish it to be understood that I do not blame Messrs. Spottiswoodes' proof-readers and compositors, who are always most careful and obliging. I suspect that Iohn Knox and the Covenanters spirited the corrections away, in some psychical manner, which we do not as yet understand. Other hypotheses may occur to other thinkers. The circumstance, of course, has given me annoyance, but, in the absence of certain knowledge, and setting aside the idea of Maister Iohn Knox's posthumous activity, I take the blame on my own shoulders.—Faithfully yours,

A. LANG.

9, *The Links, St. Andrews, Jan: 30th.*

NEW BOOKS.

HISTORY OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.*

This is altogether a monumental work, and it will have a unique place in the literature of the future. The world has had Histories of Philosophy by the score, and Philosophies of History by the dozen; but it has had comparatively few Histories of the Philosophy of History. It is this which Professor Flint—one of the most accomplished students and teachers of Philosophy and History combined—has given to the world. The present volume is only an instalment of what is promised, and will follow. It is the sequel to a book which Professor Flint wrote nearly twenty years ago; a work the aim of which was "to describe and criticise the principal attempts which had been made in France and Germany philosophically to comprehend and explain the history of mankind." This book went out of print in eight years, and has for some time been only obtainable in a French translation. The present instalment of the larger work—which has grown in its author's hands—deals with the Philosophy of History in France. Subsequent volumes will treat of it in Germany, Italy, and England; the English division including the American, as the French will include the Belgian, while the German section will include the Dutch.

To trace "Historical Philosophy in its national characters," and to illustrate national character by such treatment, is an idea which has been vividly before the minds of many of late; and even a Series of books has been devised to deal with it—that is to say, to explain and to illustrate "Philosophy in its National Developments." Professor Flint believes that such a treatment—of the evolution of philosophical systems, and the discussion of philosophical problems—is a very important contribution to the history of the nations, in which these evolutions occur.

He gives us a historical review of the attempts which were made, chiefly in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, "to discover the laws of order which regulate human affairs." History is "the flow of occurrences in time," and is, therefore, process as well as product. It embraces "the entire life of humanity;" including the relatively little, as well as the relatively great. Mr. Flint acutely criticises the definitions of Arnold, Freeman, and Professor Creighton amongst ourselves, of M. Bourdeau, Professor Bernheim, and W. V. Humboldt. He draws a very important, and constantly forgotten distinction between the science and the philosophy of History, as also between Science and Philosophy itself. It may be questioned whether this distinction is drawn out with quite sufficient fulness; as Professor Flint sees no objection to our employing the terms interchangeably. We may, of course, speak of a scientific philosophy, and of a philosophical science; but our author's illustration that Philosophy is "the root and trunk out of which all the branches grow, and the life by which, and the crown to which they grow," cannot be pressed literally; since, in that case, the very distinction between them would be minimised.

However, he contracts them very clearly in the following sentence "The philosophy of a subject as distinguished from its science is the view or theory of the relation of the subject to other subjects, as distinguished from the view or theory of it, as isolated or in itself"; and he distinguishes the science from the philosophy of History thus. He "assigns to the science the task of ascertaining the course, plan, and laws of History itself; and to the philosophy that of tracing the relations of causation and affinity which connect History with other departments of existence and knowledge." But it is to the tracing "of the two in conjunction" that Professor Flint's labour is devoted. He justifies the plan he selects of dealing with the developments of his subject, in the modern nations separately; although it involves a repetition, or turning back on the chronology. What he calls "an incessant and intolerable leaping from one country to another," would not only deprive his work of symmetry, from a literary point of view; but it would altogether interfere with adequacy of

* 'History of the Philosophy of History.' By Robert Flint. (Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons.) 1893.

treatment. It is an immense service, in the discussion of such a subject as this, to have a continuous narrative of the developments of thought within one great nationality by itself, from the beginning to the end; even although, as Mr. Flint well points out, the differences in the types of national thought, since the incoming of Christianity, are far less rigidly marked than they were in ancient times. All our modern writers and thinkers are more cosmopolitan than the ancients were; and yet "nationalities are not disappearing, but increasingly developing and characterising themselves."

This volume is specially devoted to France; but its introductory section, which deals with the earlier tentative efforts to construct a Philosophy of History is even more interesting than the subsequent ones, which trace the French development. What was effected in Greece and Italy is admirably outlined. [It is a significant fact that, in the wonderful classification of the sciences which Aristotle essayed, History was left out; and that, in Bacon's classification, it did not receive its due. This was not accorded to it till the nineteenth century of our era.] The conception of a world-wide History followed the realised achievement of a universal, or nearly universal, Empire of the World; but Professor Flint shows how—although the notion of the moral unity of the race was brought into the world by Christianity—the Mediæval Church worked in too narrow a groove for a Philosophy of History to emerge within it. It was not until certain great genetic ideas had taken possession of the race, and had developed within it the ideas of progress, of increasing purpose, of unity, of freedom, and solidarity, that the study of History could possibly become scientific.

Its Introduction is the most valuable section of this *instauratia magna* of a *Magnum Opus*, and in it Professor Flint is seen at his best; his grasp of philosophical problems being conspicuous. His plea for an all-inclusive definition of History as "the entire life of humanity, the whole movement of societies" is as admirable as his criticism of partial definitions is excellent. The earlier succeeding chapters, dealing with preparatory efforts from Chinese writers—onwards through Greece, and Rome, and the Mediæval Period—are also extremely interesting; and perhaps still more so what Mr. Flint says about the efforts of a very imperfectly known Mohammedan writer, Ibu Khaldun. The causes leading up to the French Revolution, and its outcome, are clearly traced; and, in the course of his historical criticism, almost all the higher problems of philosophy are grappled with. We have, *e.g.*, one of the most trenchant criticisms of Comte's law of human progress; and, as the book proceeds, there is scarcely a philosophical author discussed, whose speculative system is not dealt with and appraised, as well as his philosophy of History. This gives to the book a special value, *e.g.*, the philosophical position of Cousin, Michelet, Quinet, Cournot, and Renouvier, are all admirably signalised and criticised.

Of the book in general it may be said that its learning, its freshness, its acumen, and its critical insight are all alike remarkable. Perhaps it would have been better in itself, and more helpful to the student, if the five chapters into which the Introduction of 175 pages is divided, had each a distinctive title. This would also dispel the not unnatural idea that in Section V. the author is retracing his steps, and rediscussing what he had already handled in Sections III. and IV. There is no real repetition in the book, but the difference between the sections referred to might have been indicated by distinctive titles.

We have the gratifying intelligence, in a footnote, that the author of this book intends to issue an 'Introduction to Philosophy,' containing an expansion, and supplement of his papers on 'Philosophy as *Scientia scientiarum*' and 'The Classification of the Sciences," published many years ago.

I cannot fulfil the critic's usual function of following up an attempt to appraise the merits of a really great book with the customary *per contra* paragraph. It is a practice quite useless, either to the author, or to the general public. The only complaint I have is with the binding of the book. Why is it so heavy—not to read, but to hold in the hand? Why not have issued it in two volumes, each of 350 pages, instead of in one of more than 700?

WILLIAM KNIGHT.

DAYS SPENT ON A DOGE'S FARM.*

This book, perhaps, need never have been written: certainly it never need have been printed. Many, however, will read, or at least skim, its shallow pages, and doubtless those will echo its praises most obediently who are first to fling it aside. One cannot escape from the feeling that to plod through it is somehow a tribute to the author's father, the late Mr. J. A. Symonds, to whom none of us can afford to be ungrateful, for is there one who can honestly say that he has gleaned nothing from the harvest of the laborious historian of the Renascence? Mr. Symonds' judgment was, however, sometimes at fault, never perhaps more so than when he sanctioned and even urged the publication of this work. It consists of, or more probably is based on, passages from a desultory and impressionist journal intended for his amusement, and on his daughter's return his indulgence for her high spirits may well have been fortified by parental pride in the many promising features of her writing. We are told that he "laughed at the crudities which he forgave," that his "marks are over all the manuscript," and that he intended to compose for it an historical introduction. This project was defeated by his death. For his sake we would rather believe that he would have revised, recast, and severely pruned for publication a manuscript that as an artless, confidential communication was harmless enough, nay not without its charms and graces, but which says so little for the taste of the writer or the judgment of her censor. It is indeed painful to decide who is responsible for so deplorable a breach of manners as is involved in the third chapter, to say nothing of other errors.

That the authoress could, and sometimes indeed does, write pleasantly and effectively we do not deny, but here she is working on bad principles, and working carelessly, lazily, and erratically. The subject is rather a promising one: George Sand would have handled it to perfection. All that Miss Symonds has to say of value or interest she might have said in ten or at most twenty pages. The rest is made up of endless repetitions, trivial incidents and remarks, superficial descriptions and rarely successful attempts at fine writing. But its oddest feature is the tendency to literary practical joking. The writer is always preparing us for something tremendously novel and interesting and then putting us off with the most ridiculous of mice. Take her chapter on the "Flowers of the Plain." These turn out to be the usual habitants of our English ditches, but our hopes revive as we read. "The wonder of the flora appears in the first weeks of July. It is the convolvulus. Rightly the Americans have called that flower the Morning Glory." But in spite of enthusiastic description it turns out that the only species are the two common English bindweeds. Surely the American Morning Glory is the annual Ipomœa, which our gardeners call Convolvulus Major. Again, the real name of the village is Vescovana; its fancy name, Groomboolia, is borrowed from a novel. Even the "Doge's Farm" is a pious fraud. No Doge ever came there or lived there at all. "I must," she says, "openly acknowledge that the title of 'Doge's Farm' was bestowed more for the sake of its new and pleasing sound than for any historical fitness in the term." This, however, was the doing of the proprietress, and Miss Symonds has merely adopted the attractive title for her book-cover.

Not very much, at least not too much, has been written about the rarely visited Euganean Hills and the broad alluvial plain at their feet. A consummate artist could have made a beautiful little book about them. Truly there is not very much to say about a region whose charm is its impressive monotony. But all that is said should be in strict keeping. The traveller should be alone, or suppress his uncongenial companions. He may describe the scenery as subjectively as he likes, but he must maintain a mood in harmony with it. Now Miss Symonds has undoubtedly caught the spirit of such scenes, and represents it not seldom as effectively as Mr. Stevenson in his 'Inland Voyage,' but unfortunately she mars the effect by careless selection, by irrelevance, and by the usual tourist facetiousness. Hence the meagreness of the book is only too apparent. In fact, to treat such a subject successfully requires first-rate talent and ripe expe-

*'Days Spent on a Doge's Farm.' By Margaret Symonds. (Fisher Unwin.)

rience: you want to give the impression of breadth and monotony without being monotonous yourself. You can not give it by perpetually repeating your sky effects and colour ecstasies.

As we have hinted, out of the 250 pages of fine large print, one could piece together about twenty or so of more or less permanent value. The agricultural operations, the buildings, and the oxen are fairly sketched, and on the whole one comes away with a more or less distinct impression of what Vescovana is like, in spite of the mystification and practical joking. Miss Symonds' little sketches also help one a good deal. Some are very pleasing, but the botanical drawings are unsatisfactory.

Miss Symonds' satire, however, demands a serious protest. Harmless enough in a private letter, surely in print it is in bad taste, if not offensive. She more than once passed a considerable time as a guest at the Doge's Farm, enjoying the princely, if rather theatrical hospitality of its mistress. She now holds up that unfortunate lady to public ridicule, not even keeping back her name. True, she dwells also upon her excellent points—her business capacity, her versatile accomplishments and her munificence, but the general portrait is that of a clever *parvenue* driven crazy by an aristocratic marriage and by having her own way. Miss Symonds' hostess is, it seems, an Englishwoman, who married a Venetian gentleman who was attempting to repair the fortunes of his house by farming on modern principles. It seems the Countess has the carts painted with his title "Almoro the Third," though we gather from Miss Symonds that Almoro III. flourished in the fifteenth century. As a landlady and a farmer the lady has been very successful, but as a Countess she must be a burlesque if we are to believe what we read. I prefer not to believe it. There may or may not have been a Doge in the family—what Venetian is not descended from a Doge?—but the Doge's caps all over the house and even on the lady's hairpins are too shocking. This comical portrait recalls Thackeray's Princesse de Moncontour, *nee* Higg, only it is more florid and eccentric. The chapter called "First Impressions," under pretence of the confusion of mind caused by arrival at Groomboolia gives a burlesque account of the lady's person, conversation manners, or rather lack of manners, her ridiculous garden, her flighty housekeeping, and in short her general craziness. Aghast at this chapter, with its wild and exaggerated descriptions of places and persons, and indignant at the exposure of a hostess by her guest, we turn to the next, called "Second Thoughts," which positively begins, "The above description is not, of course, to be taken for a reality or for anything final, any more than Mark Twain's 'Tramp Abroad.'" The authoress, seeing she has gone too far, thinks well to put in this *caveat;* but she soon drops the point, without explaining how much of her statements she wishes us to believe. The most offensive certainly admit of no explanation—either they are true or they are false. Here and there later on there are hints which seem to confirm them. Thus, then, we are reluctantly forced to believe that Miss Symonds, having very excusably made fun of her hostess in letters to her father, is now so ill-advised as to print these playful animadversions. There is, however, a possible alternative, namely, that Miss Symonds feels sure that the eccentric Queen of Groomboolia is by no means averse to having her eccentricities advertised. Still it would perhaps have been as well to reserve them for her obituary. We must add that the book is beautifully got up, and contains promise of much better and more serious work in the future.

Y. Y.

TOLSTOY'S NEW BOOK.*

The best way of dealing with Tolstoy's latest expression of his theory of life is to induce people to procure it and read it. It is not a book of which critics can help or mar the success. It will sink into the world's mind, and bear fruit, without their aid or hindrance, or it will be ignored as having no real relation to the needs or the possibilities of mankind. At least, critics of the substance of his theory, must be either those who deny the importance given by Tolstoy to the moral, practical side of Christianity at the expense of its doctrinal, emotional, mystical, and æsthetic parts, which he declares to be superimpositions, not Christian at all; or they must be those who deny altogether that the Christian ideal of life is the highest, or the best for humanity. If one occupies the latter of these positions, one is so far separated from his fundamental conception that criticism becomes only flat contradiction, and if one does not, then one's refutation must be puny and ineffective. His system is inattackable, for those who accept it. It is easy enough to pick holes in its margins, or find weak places in the defences he has placed round about it, but the central citadel is perfectly safe if you can trust yourself in it. The journey there is everything. The safety of the citadel does not alone consist in the fact that it has never been occupied by a garrison, but only by stray refugees, and therefore does not tempt attack, but also in its perfect consistency and logic. As the author of the system sets no value at all on convention, and habit, and expediency, conventional criticism of the system, because it is unsuitable to the present ideals of society, is not of much use.

A dangerous book this, were the world a better one. The anarchist of Tottenham Court Road, and Paris, never spoke anarchy as does this man, but the authorities doubtless take comfort in the fact that while he denies their right to exist, he demands that converts shall make war not on society, but on themselves and their own selfish instincts, and shall give up just everything that the world seemingly most wishes to possess. Throughout the book the clearest note of all is the belief and hope in humankind. There is no bitterness, no cynicism. Man, uncorrupted by law and force, is equal to everything—to reaching the kingdom. This is how he describes his religion and its power. "A new doctrine appeared, which denied not only every deity, and all fear and worship of them, but even all human institutions and all necessities for them. In place of all the rules of the old religions, this doctrine sets up only a type of inward perfection and love in the person of Christ, and—as a result of this inward perfection being attained by men, also the outward perfection foretold by the prophets—the kingdom of God, when all men will cease to learn to make war, when all shall be taught of God and united in love, and the lion will lie down with the lamb. . . . No proofs of this doctrine were offered except its truth. . . . There are no acts in this doctrine which could justify a man and make him saved. There is only the image of truth to guide him." The Church has disturbed that image. All churches have. A church is a Christian impossibility. There is God, and there is the human soul. Nothing must come between. Doctrine and ritual are tyranny and hypnotism to prevent the faculties working. How does one live then, after accepting this doctrine of perfection? Here comes in the practical difficulty of his system, for the answer is, "It is not a set of rules, but an ideal, the ideal that every man carries within his soul." Rules are but sign posts; precepts only show the level below which one cannot fall in the attainment of the ideal. "Only the ideal of complete, infinite perfection has power over men, and stimulates them to action." The vagueness of his system here is not emptiness, but its meaning has to be sought in a rarefied air that only the chosen can breathe.

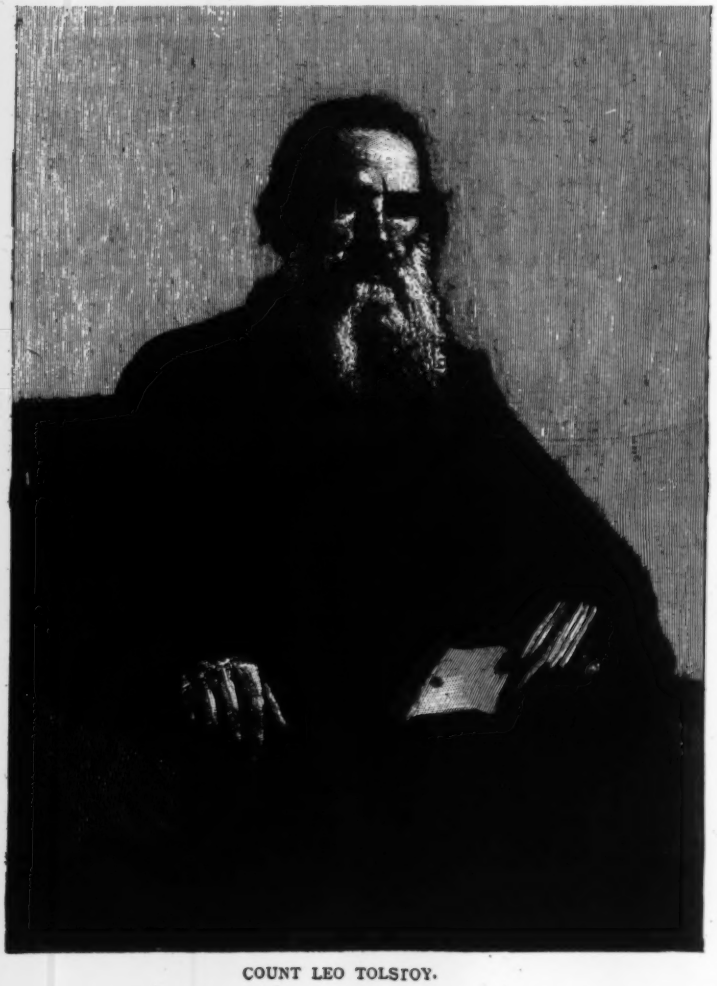
So with governments. "The Christian is independent of every human authority by the fact that he regards the divine hand of love. . . as the sole guide of his life and other men's also." "For a Christian the oath of allegiance to any government whatever is a direct renunciation of Christianity." Governments are all built on violence—none on truth—the best on a miserable compromise; and this not because they are monarchical or republican, but because they are governments. But as the acceptance of the system demands that the individual shall never make war, nor support war, nor go to law, nor admit human authority, but live in simplicity and perfect unselfishness in the world, the individual may say, Very good; but not till others join me. I cannot bring about the kingdom alone. The answer is, What have you to do with others but to live at peace

* 'The Kingdom of God is Within You: Christianity not as a Mystic Religion, but as a New Theory of Life.' Translated from the Russian of Count Leo Tolstoy. By Constance Garnett. 2 vols. (Heinemann.)

'The Kingdom of God is Within You; or, Christianity not as a Mystical Doctrine, but as a New Life Conception.' By Count Leo Tolstoï. Translated from the original Russian MS. By A. Delano. 3s. 6d. (W. Scott.)

and in kindness with them? The kingdom of God is within you. And if ages pass before this Christianity is realised? Well, let ages pass. But Tolstoy thinks that ages will not pass. He has infinite belief in the force of public opinion, and he does not disdain the thought of all those adherents who will accept his Christianity for no better reason than that it is the custom of the age to do it. There are some then, evidently, who must live by precept after all, and have no sight of the far perfection. That is his nearest approach to owning the unsatisfactoriness of uncoerced human kind.

And if society goes to pieces? Let it go, if it must, but we don't know if it will. The experiment of a Christian society has never been made—which is very true. And is anarchy even so much to be dreaded? "A single execution carried out by prosperous educated men, uninfluenced by passion, with the approbation and assistance of Christian ministers, and represented as something necessary and even just, is infinitely more corrupting and brutalising to men than thousands of murders committed by uneducated working people under the influence of passion." The whole of this remarkable book is an appeal to the faith and the courage of mankind. "Civilisation, art, science, culture, will disappear! [say some]. Yes, but all these we know are only various manifestations of truth, and the change that is before us is only to be made for the sake of a closer attainment and realisation of truth. How, then, can the manifestations of truth disappear through our realising it?" Perhaps, as Tolstoy thinks, the measure of the demand is the measure of faith. But there is no ordinary measure of it demanded here. And faith in one's fellows is so much harder than faith in mysteries. Weak believers are not scorned. If they must still be governors, and soldiers, and hangmen, and capitalists, for want of courage, then let them be so. Only, no cant. Do not let them say they remain such for the public good. There never was a book since the Gospels that in sober, practical earnest made so trustful and so direct an appeal for perfection of life as shadowed by Christ's ideal. Belief, in its pages, has new force infused into its meaning.



COUNT LEO TOLSTOY.

Among the criticisms which one who should accept his central conception might legitimately make are these: He ignores certain eternal facts of human nature—ignores a notorious one, for instance, when he regards all religious ceremony as merely hypnotic in its purpose and effect. It is so often, but it is just as often stimulating. No religious principle can stamp out symbolism, which exists in accordance partly with an imaginative, an æsthetic, but largely also with a spiritual need. He is a rare being who "veut voir son rêve en sa réalité." Tolstoy ignores, too, or almost ignores, the different stages which men have reached. If what he calls the social or state view of life were even possible for a majority of men, if they had even the virtues of good citizens, we might ring our bells for joy. Perhaps he thinks they can omit that stage, though in a perverse way he owns that responsibility is civilising. He cannot, with his opinions, hold that the two stages, the social and the divine, may be simultaneous. But whether he be wrong or not in flatly asserting the inherent impossibility of a government being Christians, the fact remains that no government has ever been constituted in accordance with anything like his ideal, and that no Church has ever demanded that its members should be so governed.

There are two editions here. On the whole I prefer the translation of Mrs. Garnett in the handsome two-volume edition published by Mr. Heinemann; but a fairly close examination failed to show any very important difference between the two—well, a "bacterium or a bull" in one, is rendered "a bullet or a bacillus" in the other, but that is a detail—and we cannot but be glad to see in a popular form, uniform with the other English translations of Tolstoy's works, this remarkable book, which addresses itself not to the few but the many. It is the kind of book which may lie apparently ignored and unobeyed for a century, but will have its effect nevertheless. What effect? Candidly, I do not think it will just yet make many converts to its central conception. One great effect it may speedily have—it may tear off the rags of hypocrisy from many souls.

G-Y.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.*

The appearance of a book by Mr. Goldwin Smith always gives rise to a feeling of regret that it is not the one we were looking for. Why does he write essays and collect newspaper articles instead of giving, what it has always been in him to give, some great historical work of permanent interest? "Questions of the Day"—a day with which he is out of tune—have a great fascination for him. He hates all modern doings, and is intensely interested in them. He never sulks, but fights—fights valiantly, even after, especially after, the battle is lost; flogs dead horses, strives with all his might to put lost causes on their feet. The questions are not for us to discuss here, as their discussion would inevitably lead to political controversy—Disestablishment, Women Suffrage, the Irish Church Question, Prohibition, and so on. But, at least, we can heartily recommend it to politicians and journalists. What an admirable style for controversy!—cold, dry, colder and dryer even than befits one who is so irrepressibly hot-headed and—we must say it—so unfair. There is no fine writing, no padding, but vigorous articulate English. Outside the heat and strife of our English questions, from Canada he launches his bolts, with an aim, a pertinacity, and an unconquerable conviction that many a politician at home might envy. He is a valiant tilter at windmills.

* 'Questions of the Day' Political and Social. By Goldwin Smith. (Macmillan.)

OLD COURT LIFE IN FRANCE.*

This is the fifth edition of a book that has had many readers and many critics. It is the kind of book that is especially annoying to scientific students of history, who are both jealous and scornful of narratives treated without footnotes, and without much visible aid from documentary evidence, unless they are labelled "imaginative literature." Mere scraps of history in picturesque setting, lay figures with historic names affixed, and made to play the part which some contemporary gossip has assigned to them, are, to their mind, frivolous, and, from an educational point of view, dangerous. The critics are wrong. We should never think of going to such books for exact information. On every page of this one, for instance, we feel how the materials have been cooked; the scantiest knowledge of history is enough to make us often read characters and motives differently. But it does give the popular idea and picture of the personages and events described. From a long study of contemporary memoirs, from long familiarity with the country, the authoress has learnt the fitting stage properties, has noted the gossip and the anecdotes; she has used all her gathered materials, not with imaginative power, but with the skill and swiftness of the scene painter and scene shifter. The result is a nondescript kind of thing, neither history nor romance, but it is very readable. It is a very vivid series of pictures we are given of the princes and lords and ladies of gay old France, from Francis and Marguerite of Valois, and Diane de Poitiers, down to the last days of the Grand Monarque, when court gaiety died out under the heavy influence of the Maintenon and the troubled dawn of a new world. The plates from Miss Pardoe's 'Memoirs of the French Court,' have been reproduced in these volumes, which are re-issued in a very attractive form.

ENGLISH POETRY FROM BLAKE TO BROWNING.†

The best thing in this little book is the introductory discourse upon poetry in relation to man. Mr. Dixon is really eloquent, and has a fine faith in the moral influence of literature; he believes, in short, that a man cannot do better in the conduct of his life than take advice of the poets. And, indeed, since their business is to distinguish the spurious from the genuine emotion, and, above all, to clear their minds of convention, it happens in consequence that poets are often clear-sighted even in matters outside the province of morals. Alfred de Musset, for instance, of all people in the world, foresaw the liberation of Italy before such a thing was in the field of practical politics. "Il y a là bas," he said, "un peuple qui veut être libre."

Every critic probably passes through a stage in which ideas interest him more than facts, in which he is more inclined to dwell on the intellectual and spiritual tendency of a writer than to note those minuter points of style and character which give individuality to a talent. Mr. Dixon is still in the stage of generalities; it is the object of his book to stimulate rather than to inform; rather to attract fresh readers to English poetry than to instruct those who are already well skilled in the subject. Yet even for these there is much that is suggestive in his grouping of the familiar names according to certain affinities. It was a good idea to class together Burns and Byron; they were both in revolt against established order, yet not apostles of the new spirit; their fortunes so unlike in the outset, yet underwent the same vicissitudes of glory and neglect; Burns is one of the manliest of poets, Byron one of the most essentially masculine. Again, it is not usual to class Scott and Southey together; yet Mr. Dixon certainly makes an interesting point when he dates an epic revival from the appearance in 1805 of 'Madoc' and the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.' A stronger connection, perhaps, is to be found in the influence upon both of Bürger and his school, attested by their versions of German ballads. To Moore Mr. Dixon does justice as an Irishman should; he was indeed a poet whom none excelled in softening away the asperities of language, and Tennyson's debt to him has hardly been recognised. Some lyrics in the 'Princess' prove it beyond dispute: notably "The splendour falls on castle walls." But the modern literary movement in Ireland dates from Carleton, not from Moore.

Criticism of this generalising type ought, however, to rest on solid knowledge and avoid phrasing at random. Mr. Dixon speaks of the "spontaneous, unpremeditated flow of Jonson's and Shakspere's songs." Where would he find a more elaborate structure than "Drink to me only with thine eyes"? and does he forget how Jonson told Drummond that his habit was to write out his themes in prose and then versify it? And why repeat the cant phrase that letter-writing is a lost art? What of Mrs. Carlyle?

The most remarkable thing about his book is its eloquence, but eloquence is a snare; a book ought to talk, not to declaim. "On depose fleur à fleur la couronne de la vie," said Madame de Stael; "D'abord," remarked a critic, "la vie n'a pas de couronne." A critic of this sort would be of use to Mr. Dixon.

S. L. GWYNN.

THE CHRISTIAN ETHIC.*

Professor Knight issues this book as a partial answer to the question, "What are the distinctive features of the Christian Ethic, as distinguished from the other moral systems of the world?" Nothing very new can now be said regarding the contents of the Christian Ethic, and even the Christian motive has been pretty fully discussed; but Professor Knight has presented both the sources of Christian morality and its contents in an attractive and easily apprehensible form. His treatment of the truths revealed by Chistianity, and which lie at the root of the Christian Ethic, is fresh and instructive, and many suggestive and interesting remarks occur in the course of the discussion. In so brief a compass it was impossible for the author to make any elaborate comparison of the Christian system with others, but references to the salient features of ancient non-Christian Ethical ideas are not wanting. The chief fault which every reader will find in the book is its brevity, and the desire will inevitably arise for a fuller treatment of the whole subject by the same hand. Meanwhile we accept this with gratitude as an instalment and foretaste, and we would fain hope an earnest, of further studies in Christian Ethics by the same writer. It should be mentioned that Professor Knight burdens his exposition with no technicalities, and that all educated persons, whether they have special philosophical training or not, will enjoy his book. Its value is increased by the addition of an excellently selected list of works bearing on the subject.

M. D.

THE GREATER GLORY.†

The depicting of moral beauty as the fairest of all fair things in the world, which was the central aim of 'God's Fool,' is repeated in 'The Greater Glory.' Otherwise the books are widely different. About Elias Lossell, who represented unspotted purity in the midst of a sordid, money-grubbing, tawdry world, there was undoubted fascination, but he was not, from a moral point of view—and moral considerations, cannot be left out of a criticism of Mr. Maartens' work—altogether convincing, sitting there in his mental isolation apart from temptation as he was apart from opportunities. In the present story the moral beauty has to grow up in the midst of a world of men, in an atmosphere of intrigue and luxury, and ambition, and adversity, and envy. The two Reinout van Rexelaer's, the elder and the younger, especially the younger, were not sheltered from the winds that might have chilled their ideals to the bone. The very evils they had suffered from or profited by, fed the life at the roots of their ideal, and made them cherish the family motto, "Ipsa glorior infamia," with a

* 'Old Court Life in France.' By Francis Elliott. 2 vols. (Putnams.)

† 'English Poetry from Blake to Browning.' By W. Macneill Dixon. (Methuen.)

* 'The Christian Ethic.' By William Knight, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. (John Murray.)

† 'The Greater Glory.' A Story of High Life. By Maarten Maartens. 3 vols. (Bentley.)

love born of personal experience of its bitterest meaning. The greater glory, the shame of losing a bad world and the gain of one's own soul, is a fine motive, and Mr. Maartens has worked it out with more success, I think, than he has the kindred one at the heart of 'God's Fool.' He has given us nothing before which so captures our sympathies.

They were in no ways related, those two who bore the same name. The elder Reinout, the Catholic baron of Deynum, poor, struggling, loving his land and the people on it, sees his inheritance slip away inevitably from him into the hands of his enemy, Count van Rexelaer, who so much needs the old family estate to solidify his own shaky honour. The baron hopes, and speculates, and fails; he is not fitted for the modern time and has no links to it. "His heart was a burial-ground of the race, on which all the windows of his thoughts afforded an unconscious outlook." When fate is too much for him he accepts the inevitable with sweetness, and will not use the secret knowledge he possesses to injure his enemy. Never was a sad old age more beautifully or more simply pictured—not even Colonel Newcome's. It would be a strange ideal of strength that would force one to call the old baron weak, strong in the life-long habit of truth, courtesy, and loving-kindness. In his broken down old age he resolves to earn some money by teaching little boys French. "They are quite small children, and I apprehend no serious difficulty. I consider it better to tell you that I am to receive—remuneration, so that we must not look upon the lessons as a favour we are doing them. I am to receive tenpence per hour for each child. . . . I admit I myself did not consider that very much. But then we must take into account how little I have to offer. Speaking a language is a very different thing from teaching it. And I have never taught. He said these last words in a tone of apology, for himself, or his patrons, or both." When his head grew tired, the tenpence per hour weighed on his conscience, and he told his little Jew boys not to come any more. The little Jew boys cried.

You have to do a good deal of guessing about his daughter Wendela. Her character is only suggested. She was evidently born for the new time, she had none of her father's piety, and had but imperfect sympathy with him. She had probably a clearer intellect, and she had certainly much youthful rebelliousness. Once nobility is proven to be nothing disconnected from wealth, "face to face with life's vulgarity," she grew bitter. In her bitterness she learnt the meaning of the new time, and it was thus she wrote to the unknown poet of the 'Cry of the People.' "I am weary of the old dead greatness; you, the plebeian, though you cannot understand us, you have taught me that each man's own soul is his only pride or shame. There is no outward splendour, no adventitious sorrow; there is nothing in all the world but this naked 'I' and God. It is naturally a lesson for a man of the people to teach."

But the unknown "plebeian" poet was Reinout van Rexelaer, son of the Count, the fawning, scoundrelly Court functionary, and now lord of Deynum, head of the old house, though not a drop of the old blood flows in his veins, and his name is his by a fraud. Young Reinout was brought up to be a man of the world, taught to be graceful and accomplished, to respect success and the neighbourhood of the Court. He was given lessons in elegant dissipation. His father set him out on the road to pleasure and evil with his blessing, and only a caution not to play ducks and drakes with his chances, which were now great. As a child—by the bye, is he not abnormally young at fourteen?—he did not see the evil; as a youth he saw it, and hated it. It had no secret fascination for him, fed from his childhood on French memoirs. So far his education was not in vain. A gate out of this land of misery was opened to him by Victor Hugo, and the emancipation of a young soul, given suddenly the freedom of the realm of poetry, has never been better described. From that time, while outwardly conforming to the life his father pointed to him, he led his own, and his own led him to Amsterdam, and to Spangenberg, the delightful Socialist editor of the 'Cry of the People,' with whom we make friends at once and for ever. Already his future was all but chosen before the discovery was made of the fraud attaching to his name, and his father's villany. There were not many bonds to cut after that; father, mother, kin, and fortune disappear, but in his shame was glory; and then there were to come the human consolations of Wendela and of literary fame. Wendela's nature was less sweet than Reinout's. Through her husband's eyes she probably descried clearly one day the halo round her father's name. For the comfort of the world, be it said, a few scandalous tales did not disturb the success of the Count van Rexclaer, who attained the greater glory he had aimed at, and the greater shame.

The main stream of the story is so absorbing, that but little space is left to speak of the rest. Mr. Maartens works, indeed, on an over-crowded canvas. The minor characters here, in elaboration and individuality, would furnish forth three ordinary novels. But there are characters other than minor—young Reinout's mother, Father Bulbius, the White Baroness—that demand not mention, but acquaintanceship. They are worth it. Mr. Maartens' paints comfortable, complacent Dutch life brightly and good naturedly. But there is reason in not dwelling on that gayer portion of the book, for while there he shows plenty of cleverness and high-spirited humour, his strength and subtlety are only seen at their best when he is dealing with lives that emerge out of the comfortable and the commonplace. "So doth the greater glory dim the less."

G-Y.

THE LOWER SLOPES.*

Two strong impulses urged Mr. Grant Allen in these excursions, love of science and love of justice. The first could do little more than give a motive for clever pointed verse like "A Ballade of Evolution," or at most fire the burst of enthusiastic tribute to Herbert Spencer. But in the other there was passion, which has stolen the poet in him away from other themes. "May I not lie in the garden where singers before me have lain?" he asked, thinking of sweetness and perfume and love. And the answer came,

"Nay, for I bid thee arise with a sword in thy hand for a pen:
Sharp be thy mouth as thou singest, and bitter the song thou shalt sing,
Weird with the wailing of women and cruel caresses of men.
Others may tell of the honey of passion, but thou of the sting."

All sights and sounds in an ill governed earth feed this passion, and "Sunday at Braemar" is representative, not of the best verse, but of the spirit of the volume. Mr. Allen's nature is sunny and sun-loving; the gloomy does not attract him. Perhaps the Sabbath had something to do with his depression, which to get rid of he dreamt a dream in which he saw

"Once again this dreary Scottish landscape
With golden dimples smile afar,
Spreading the nobler wealth of happy harvests
High up the slopes of Lochnagar."

The dreariness, he thinks, must be the doing of the landlords. Down with them! Certainly! But there is a gloom—gloom or dark grandeur—that will outlast the social question, and even a reformer poet should know it when he sees it. That Mr. Allen is a poet, quite individual if limited, these excursions leave no manner of doubt. Set even the sternest lover of law and order to read aloud "A Bas la Bourgeoisie," and listen if he does not shout it with a fervour that his more leisurely soul will think of after with remorse.

It is this same passion for the people that inspires two of the most remarkable poems in the book, "Mylitta" and "Sunday Night at Mabille," full of bitter indignation for the victims, caught, and begarlanded, and killed, to keep the domestic hearth safe and holy.

"My sister, feed my mouth with gall and honey,
That I may match my music with thy years.
Gall, from the bitter depths of thy disgrace;
Honey, from the sweetness of thy martyred face;
Gall, that my words may bite and sting and wither;
Honey, to touch some lingering spot of grace."

In "Mylitta" he had passed beyond the "Lower Slopes." Surely his wanderings about Helicon are not over.

* 'The Lower Slopes.' Reminiscences of Excursions round the Base of Helicon, undertaken for the most part in early manhood. By Grant Allen. (Elkin Mathews and John Lane.)

THE GOLDEN ASS.*

In this old book, which is outside the close circle of the classics, and which certainly took few of their precautions to secure for itself immortality—full of mannerisms is it, tricks of speech and affectations—it must be some surpassing quality which has kept it alive from the second century right down to our own days. The quality is just life itself—a vitality not to be quenched by even much worse translations than are considered here. Read with delight by lovers of the adventurous, of the curious, of the flavoured, it has always been a special favourite with the writing crew; yet perhaps to no age more than our own have its peculiar accent and attitude appealed. It has tempted many translators. To English readers it is mostly known by three versions—Head's, Adlington's, and Taylor the Platonist's. The two last, from a literary point of view the most notable, have been reprinted lately, Adlington's in the delightful form of The Tudor Translations, a form which would tempt one to speak well of a much worse book.

Of the two there can be no doubt which is the exacter and the more conscientious. To Taylor the translation formed part of the great researches on Platonism to which he devoted his life. To old Adlington, on the contrary, it was more or less of a pastime. "When againe I perceived the matter to minister such exceeding plenty of mirth, as never in my judgement the like hath been shewed by any other, I purposed according to my slender knowledge (though it were rudely, and farre disagreeing from the fine and excellent doings now adayes) to translate the same into our vulgar tongue to the end that amongst so many sage and serious works (as every man well nigh endeavour daily to encrease) there might be some fresh and pleasant matter to recreate the mindes of the Readers withall." Then repenting of his frivolous purpose, he set out to find moral meanings in the "pleasant and delectable jeasts," but his efforts towards seriousness did not reach to giving anything like a literally faithful rendering of his author. The Tudor Translations are issued, not as cribs, but as masterpieces of English prose. That Adlington's is, in all truth, though he and Taylor disagree throughout on the methods of translation as widely as they do in the following passages: "Into this place where they had with difficulty penetrated, one after another, with their members compressed [on account of the narrowness of the entrance] I and my companion being secured by a strong bridle before the door, they thus spoke in anger to a certain old woman, who was bent with the weight of old age, and to whom alone the safety and protection of so many young men appeared to be committed. Do you, who are the last relics of the grave, the chief disgrace of life, and the only thing loathed by hell, thus idly sitting at home, sport with us? nor afford any solace to these our labours so great and so dangerous, by at least providing for us a supper, though late? You who are accounted to do nothing else by day and by night than ingurgitate wine in your insatiable stomach." Thus Taylor. Adlington makes shorter work of it: "And when they were all crept into the house, and we fast tied with halters at the dore, they began to chide with an old woman there, crooked with age, who had the government and rule of all the house, and said, How is it old witch, old trot, and strumpet, that thou sittest idley all day at home, and having no regard to our perillous labors, hast provided nothing for our suppers, but sittest eating and swilling thy selfe from morning till night?" Adlington turns and abbreviates, takes out colouring and puts it in, with a daring recklessness, but his book is excellent to read, and a mine for lovers of English to dig in with delight.

As to the matter of the book, while in general agreement with all that Mr. Whibley, the editor, says on it, with one of his remarks I eagerly acquiesce. Apuleius' 'Ass' is a dim whole to many, lit up by one bright familiar passage, "The Marriage of Cupid and Psyche." This exquisite fable has furnished the subject of much poetry and fairy tale. John Heywood, Madame D'Aulnoy (probably), and, in our day, Mr. Bridges, have made use of it. Beautiful it is, and yet Mr. Whibley is not exaggerating when he calls it "the one conspicuous fault of the book. Admirable in itself, it is out of proportion as well as out of key, and though you turn to it again and again for its own sake, you skip it industriously when it keeps you from robbery and witchcraft."

Did Apuleius write for edification? Taylor, of course, thought so, finding the romance veined with Platonism. Adlington made of his stories moral allegories in conventional fashion. "In this feigned jest of Lucius Apuleius is comprehended a figure of man's life, ministering most sweet and delectable matter." Or was he but a fine teller of tales? Inconsistently and capriciously he was probably what his commentators believed him to be. The perceptible allegory in his story is beautiful, from the metamorphosis of Apuleius to his initiation by the eating of the rose and by prayer to the final mysteries. But first of all is his narrative for its own sake good. It was that narrative, not as allegory, but pure narrative, full of episode, and high spirits, quick wit, ingenuity, the unexpected, the magical, everything save the commonplace, that made him the inspirer, at least the fecund suggester, of the long line of romancists since his time, Boccaccio, Cervantes, Lesage, Scarron, of all the romance of the road.

As for his style, apart from mere verbal tricks and feats, it is peculiarly modern. Anything further removed from classical austerity would be impossible to find. And it is not one modern style you find in him, but many. Our passion after exactness, fine-shading, our realism, our impressionism, are here. Can you not understand the mannerism of Bellerophon as he told his tale, "So lapping up the end of the table cloath and carpet together, hee leaned with his elbow thereon, and held out the three forefingers of his right hand in manner of an orator, and sayd, When I was a young man, etc." For gruesome realism could the watch by the dead man's body be surpassed? The description of nature is neither cold not general, but warm and individual. He will have even an ass express himself with picturesqueness and articulately. "Then I (willing to show as much joy as I might, as present occasion served) set and pricked up my long ears, I ratled my nosethrils, and cryed stoutly, nay rather, I made the towne to ring againe with my shrilling sound."

But its special interest for to-day lies behind all that. When the fruits of our present day literature are gathered up, it will be found that our passion for observation of the life that is round us, for reporting exactly vocabulary and accent, for expressing all that we know, see, or surmise, by literal or symbolic means, is not a more marked characteristic than our reaction against content with the common facts of life. A curiosity in all that is behind the commonplace, into the weird, the magical, a search full of feverish morbid excitement, leading now and then through unwholesome dark valleys, with poison enough to kill all but the sturdy, but visited by novel lights, giving strange opportunities to the adventurous soul, and aiming at the full initiation into the final mysteries—these form the undercurrent of the most influential art and literature of to-day. There on that ground Apuleius meets us. Every page of his is crossed by beams of the strange light we watch for. Glamour plays in the eyes of every reader who does not throw him aside as childish. Only such an one will wonder why his old romance should be named "Golden." G-Y.

* 'The Golden Ass of Apuleius.' Translated out of Latin by William Adlington, Anno 1566. With an Introduction by Charles Whibley. The Tudor Translations. (Nutt.)
'The Metamorphosis; or, Golden Ass of Apuleius.' Translated by Thomas Taylor. (Cooper.)

NOVEL NOTES.

A SUPERFLUOUS WOMAN. 3 vols. (Heinemann.)

This is a difficult book to deal justly with. It presents endless opportunities to the reviewer to make fun of it in one mood. In another, he feels inclined to leave it alone till the writer has done something better. In a third he would fain pick out its virtues, but never were real virtues displayed to less advantage. It rings every note from pure silliness to genuine pathos. The story is ridiculous enough. A society beauty, tired of life and vanities, thinks of dying for a change. She is recalled to life by a sentimental boor of an East End doctor; whereupon she takes to good works violently, giving each a turn of nearly a fortnight, foreswears silks and satins in favour of unbleached calico, and so

attired, outshines all other beauties. Then she runs off to the Highlands, to be kitchen help to Mrs. McKenzie, without a character, evidently. There she falls in love with Colin—a peasant whose dialect surpasses in strangeness those of Mr. Black—and makes distinct overtures for his affections. When his heart is conquered, she suddenly takes fright and flight—very sensibly, too, for she is but a poor thing—and goes back to luxury and Lord Heriot. Lord Heriot is wicked, and her life is a martyrdom, but she employs herself in good and heroic works till she dies. The book is lit up by not a ray of humour. With its mawkish sentiment hopelessly jumbled with undigested philosophy and crude social theories, it reads like a nightmare of Ibsen, Björnson and Madame Sarah Grand. Not all of it, however: it has one great redeeming point. It was no ordinary bungling hand that made Colin. He is no stage peasant. The writer has fashioned him out of real understanding. She has grasped the meaning of his inarticulateness, the quiet that came to him from his hills. Carteret's brilliancy and Dr. Cornerstone's wisdom we distrust, but we believe in the purity and the poetry that shone out of that quiet Highlander's eyes.

THE PROPHET JOHN. By Frederick Boyle. (Chapman and Hall.)

First of all we should like to assure Mr. Boyle that less would have served us for amusement. In a lavish and rollicking spirit he has heaped up the incidents, and twisted and turned the plot till, in the end, he has confused us and landed himself in a difficulty, a difficulty which is only solved by turning the story into a tragedy, which, surely, it had no thought of being at the outset. It was meant to be pure comedy, and the venomous leer on the serpent's face on the cover must have been an afterthought. There is a perverse originality about the story, a reckless waste of good material, which both command a reader's attention and irritate him. Bell and Mabel are impossible maidens, and the whole snake-poison story is far-fetched. But there is a breeziness, a lusty vigour in the 'Prophet John,' nevertheless, that is proof against much of the ill effects of artificiality of plot. Mr. Boyle puts many obstacles in the way of our entertainment. Yet his book must go down among the amusing ones of the month.

LADY PERFECTA. By B. Perez Galdos. Translated by Mary Wharton. (Unwin.)

It is a pity that one's first word in mentioning this book must of necessity deal with the defects of the translation. Not that it is singular in this respect, for the enterprise of publishers to-day in giving us English versions of the less known continental writers is, in nearly nine cases out of ten, made of no account by the incapability or the carelessness of the translators. They may know the language from which they take excellently, but English they do not know, and, therefore, do not respect. 'Lady Perfecta' might have been translated by a foreigner. "Feats" for "facts" may be a misprint, but what is one to make of this?—"Only on hearing insecure ideas and inconstant criticism was he propelled to verbosity," or this?—"Whatever the conceited individuality of the same country has, or can possibly have, of inability, of insurrection, of superstition at times, of blasphemy at others, all disappear (*sic*)." "Lord" and "lady" are scattered about with bewildering inaccuracy. Why, while Pliny gets his English name, should his classic mates appear in our country as Ovido, Quintiliano, Salustus, Suetonio, and Varon, is just as hard to guess as why "halo" should be dubbed "aureola." The translator has no notion of the relation of the Latin part of the language to the native. But perhaps the crowning proof of incapacity is the rendering of the reading of modern books by "modern lectures." The translation being really bad, the best use the book can serve is to send a reader on to Galdos himself. Galdos is not very easy, but it is less painful to limp through hard foreign phrases than to be pulled up with irritation every moment at the massacre of one's own tongue. The story is a bitter, terribly bitter, scorpion attack on priestcraft, on the conservatism which hushes and shuts out the new speech, the new thought, the new lights, till the old things corrupt and turn to poison. It is a horrible tragedy, that surely must have made enemies for its writer. Strong, passionate, vigorous, it may have in it also much of the exaggeration of fanaticism. But the breath of life and sincerity can be felt in it even through this distorted medium.

OUTLAW AND LAWMAKER. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. 3 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)

He was everything that a bold highwayman should be, Morres Blake, Colonial Secretary and Bushranger. He was handsome, gentle, accomplished, chivalrous, daring, and rode the most fiery of chargers. He only robbed the rich or the undeserving, and all the proceeds he gave to the cause of his unhappy country. No wonder the beautiful young colonist, Elsie Valliant, tired of her commonplace suitors, fell madly in love with him. Mrs. Campbell Praed might have been a little bolder. In the most conventional way she kills the bold Morres in the end, and saves Elsie from an alliance with him rather than with the highly respectable Hallett. But Elsie had no moral objection to Blake, everybody admired him as Moonlight, and it would have suited her temperament much better to be the Baroness Coola, wife of an ex-bushranger, than to develop a latent taste for art in Rome, which we hear she was reduced to. Mrs. Praed must pardon our suggesting a termination which would have been more piquant than the one she has chosen. There surely could be nothing immoral in a happy ending to a career so spirited and so noble as we are assured all along was Mr. Morres Blake's. As in all Mrs. Praed's books the setting and grouping are skilful. She knows her craft admirably, and what might have been mere sickly false romance is in her hands a bright picture of both the actual and the picturesquely possible sides of Australian life.

RICHARD ESCOTT. By Edward A. Cooper. (Macmillan.)

'Richard Escott' is so great an advance on the writer's 'Geoffrey Hamilton,' that one is tempted to revise one's opinion of the earlier story, and find more promise in it than, to some critics, at least, it seemed to contain. This is a book ably written, coherent, and very far from commonplace. Now and again the tone, so noticeable in the earlier one, of weak, social, and philosophical reflection, and the inexpressively lofty respect for what the writer regards as "good form," crop up, but rarely. It is mainly a study of as barefaced and contemptible a villain as ever defiled the earth, a card-sharper, a roué, faithless to his parents, his children, his friends. There is about Escott some remnants of decent manners, a faint reflection of the good tone beloved of Mr. Cooper, but nothing better. That Alford, who knew the story of his wickedness, and was a witness of his attempt to sell his young daughter to one of the blackest of unhung scoundrels, should have grown to love him, we are inclined to wonder at. There are some things unwholesome for even Christians to love. Mr. Cooper tells the story of Escott's life to show the depth of misery a dissipated, dishonourable man can fall to. He has only partly succeeded. To have altogether succeeded, he should have endowed Escott with some streak of real nobility. But then the remorse and suffering would not have been good to look at, and Mr. Cooper has spared us horrors. In Escott's son George, a fine young fellow, but somewhat rigid, the writer has further proved his capacity for dealing with human nature. "Let us not," he says, "in our ready sympathy with the Publican be too quick to condemn the Pharisee. There are no words in the Bible story to suggest that he did *not* fast twice a week and give tithes of all he possessed; and most of us find it harder to pay, week by week and year by year, our tithes of mint and anise and cummin, than to neglect it and cry 'peccavi' afterwards." Alford, the mild-mannered Socialist, is something of a failure, though the way in which his wedding-tour bored him will be a link between him and a good many readers, no doubt. Mr. Cooper is intolerant of love stories, and the pretty heroine whose troubles we have taken the deepest interest in he owns at the end to be a stupid young person, and very little companionable. The writer's sympathy with sensitive children is again evident here.

THE ROUSING OF MRS. POTTER. By Jane Nelson. Pseudonym Library. (Unwin.)

This is a Pseudonym volume without much distinction. The eleven stories are what one is used to meeting in American periodicals, without being struck by their merits or their defects. They are like Miss Mary Wilkins's without the genius; and if you take away the genius, well, there remains little besides shrewd observation of commonplace life, and a determination to make the most out of unpromising materials. 'A Hope Deferred,' 'A Lone Old Woman,' and

'The Cy Bowker Ledge,' rise out of the commonplace. The others have the effect on us of a nightmare of rows and rows of shabby villas. We can't be always finding the pathos that sits behind shabby windows and the beauty that lies in narrow ways. A reaction comes, and we call aloud for palaces and shepherd's sheilings. This is doubtless unfair to so harmless, and, on the whole, so well written a bundle of stories as 'Mrs. Potter,' but the wholesale manufacture of Mrs. Potters wrings the protest from us at last.

THE STANDISH'S OF HIGH ACRE. By Gilbert Sheldon. 2 vols. (Cassell.)

A curse hung over the Standish's which might not be escaped—hereditary insanity. They took it in various forms, but each form was handed down to a particular descendant. Their story is, therefore, a terrible one, but the effect produced by it is hardly adequate to its horror. A story of doom should be one that cannot, save for terror, be skipped, but the earlier and the middle parts of Mr. Sheldon's invites to skipping. The many generations have bewildered the writer, and made his style both hurried and dull. It would have been better had we been given only a glimpse of the ancestors, and had Ralph, in whom we are really interested, been made the principal subject of a shorter story. Never, till the end, is he a distinct personage, while his wife need hardly have made her appearance at all for all we know of her. But towards the close the writer's power becomes visible. As Ralph's doom encompasses him, as he stands in the grasp almost of the terrible homicidal inheritance of his grandfather, the reality of the story increases, and that last walk in the dark, his coming to the Severn, and his final washing out—in a resolve made of the remnants of his sanity—the evil wrought by his house in the world, shows far more than common power. We lay down the book with the tardy conviction that Mr. Sheldon is justified in his ambitious attempt. In his stories it will probably always be in the introductory, the smooth narrative, and the explanatory parts, he will have most difficulty with.

VASHTI AND ESTHER. A Story of To-day. By the writer of 'Belle's Letters.' 2 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)

Society to-day does not lend itself to treatment in fiction. The pen of this chronicler is lively, and yet after the round of crushes and tea-parties and dining-clubs she gives us, we are not at all dazzled, but only tired out and full of the sensation that we have been in very dull company. For a variation we are taken to a country-house party, and presented with a rustic tragedy of the good old stereotyped village beauty kind. But the interest is meant to centre in London, in the fortunes of Lady Violet Johnson, otherwise Vashti. The queen, deposed from the affections of her lord, feeling neglected, tries to be frivolous, but just in time, Ahasuerus—a loud young man who wears dreadful neckties, who insists on Vashti wearing more diamonds than her refined taste will permit, and who has flirted abominably with the rustic beauty, Esther—is converted to better ways in the matter of jewels, ties, and matrimonial obligations. Why should the writer ask us to rejoice over the end of the story which throws the beautiful and, on the whole, virtuous heroine at the feet of a vulgar-minded young man? "Rejoice" is too strong a word; she knows well enough how unsatisfactory it all is. That is the worst of her book. She is not a complacent observer, a position which we could understand, nor a satirist, one we could sympathise with, but a cynic, the most useless attitude of all.

A STRANGE TEMPTATION. By Mrs. Kent Spender. 3 vols. (Hutchinson.)

This story explains and justifies the writer's popular reputation. Her outlook on life is an emotional one; she has a strong desire for human happiness, and wins it for all save the blackest sinners conceived by her brain; and she has enough interest in life to prevent a monotonous repetition of scenes and characters. This story begins in Australia, where two young cousins, Polly and Azalea, are struggling in the lower circles of the theatrical profession. It is a kindly and an understanding hand that has drawn them and their troubles. Azalea lies dying when the knowledge comes to her of a fortune left to her by an uncle in England, and she names, but without document or witnesses, her cousin as her heir. The strange temptation may now be guessed. How the little Bohemian Polly fares in her Surrey estates under her assumed name, might have been made more amusing. Her efforts to behave becomingly were tremendous, including the wearing of "spotless cuffs and collars, and neat little boots, which were kept without a crease by being constantly stretched on boot-trees," and she wins an English husband of the strictest sect of Pharisees. When at last the discovery is made he is sufficiently a brute to make you feel that Polly's deception was not so very wicked after all. How she wanders about Monte Carlo and other pleasant places of Europe, with a heavy heart, haunts Roman Catholic chapels, and nearly goes to perdition; how she is further repulsed, and at the end reconciled to her immaculate husband by a saint whom he ought to have married, makes an interesting, sympathetic, and unconventional tale.

STORIES FROM SCRIBNER. Stories from Italy. Stories of the Sea. Stories of the Army. 1s. 6d. each. (Sampson Low.)

This second series of reprints from *Scribner's* are quite as dainty as the former ones, and the little pictures are even better. The stories are such as you expect to find in better class American periodicals, and though none of them are by very distinguished writers, they are all readable, and some of them graceful. The little volumes look sightlier than a yellow back on a drawing-room table, and may tide over many a five minutes of weariness.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

LYRIC POEMS. By Lawrence Binyon. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews and John Lane.)

Mr. Binyon has not yet come to his own. There is a struggle for expression throughout his lyrics which is often enough foiled. But then the struggle has this of interest about it, that it is grappling with a reality, and not with a mere shadowy yearning to be poetical. He has used no meretricious aids to interest readers; he does not strive after the ultra modern or the unwholesome, or the startling; his verses are on subjects of eternal interest—love, beauty, and nature. Perhaps some of his want of success arises from his seriousness, which he does not keep enough in check, and the rest from an imitation of interesting but unmelodious metres. There is much, however, to like and respect, and nothing to irritate in these Lyric Poems. This is the best among them, but it, too, illustrates a defect—

"Go now, love,
Since staying's joy no longer;
Leave me to prove
If Time can make me stronger!
Nay, look not over thy shoulder so,
Pleading so sweetly to remain,
Where thou workest so much pain;
Look not behind thee, haste and go!

Ah, how should I
Deal to thee such hard measure,
As force thee fly,
Who brought me heavenly pleasure?
Take pity, love, and be kind
To him that could not refuse thee!
Is it not grief enough to lose thee?
Haste, O haste, nor look behind!"

LIFE AND ART OF EDWIN BOOTH. By William Winter. (Unwin.)

Mr. Winter would have done better had he waited till leisure permitted him to weld his old essays on Booth and his recent regrets for his death into a fitting shape. There is in this book touching and convincing proof of his friendship. We gain some glimmerings of Booth's sympathetic artist nature, and plenty of criticism, mostly good, of the actor's best known parts. But it is all slovenly, and gives one the impression of reading hastily-written newspaper articles the day after his death. If Mr. Winter had not enough materials for a satisfying biography, and Booth was just the kind of man to fail to provide such to a biographer, he might at least have written, as he knows how to write, a monograph, summing up, not in scattered bits, but cohesively, the worth of Booth to art, his influence on the stage, and the impression made on his contemporaries by his strik-

ing and, rightly understood, charming personality. Booth was a great imaginative artist, and therefore interesting enough to make us grateful even for these ill-arranged glimpses of his "wanderjahre" his trials, his ideals, motives and successes. The pictures are good; indeed, the reproduction of John Sargent's fine portrait is the best thing in the whole book.

THE BUILDERS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Biographical Sketches of American Authors born previous to 1826. By F. A. Underwood. First Series, 7s. 6d. (Gay and Bird.)

We like all this book save the title. Julia Caroline Ripley Dow, Sylvester Judd, and Timothy Dwight did not build American literature or any part of it. Otherwise it would be a much worse structure than it is. But we want none of the biographies away. For the student of social movements, of history, even of literature, the obscurest of these lives is valuable, and we feel the utmost gratitude to Dr. Underwood for compiling so eminently convenient a book, which includes many names and much information about them that Appleton omits. The lives are well arranged, full enough for all ordinary purposes, and the criticism of the real builders, like Motley, Lowell, Holmes, and Longfellow, is exceedingly good, though relatively less valuable because more superfluous. In his introduction, the description of what served as literature in the colonial days is full of interest.

THE HEART AND SONGS OF THE SPANISH SIERRAS. By G. W. White. (Unwin.)

The writer "went into the Sierras to enjoy himself," quite evidently not to write a book. He brought away many pictures in his mind, many songs in his ear, and much enjoyment in his heart. That others might share these he has tried to put them into words. About his literary style the less said the better, but no one could do anything but like his book, so frank and genial and bright-spirited is it. He will send many a wanderer to Andalusia, and give many a stay-at-home some hours of real delight with his songs and snatches of songs (given mostly in Spanish and English) and his *malagueñas* which he heard and carried away from the songful Sierras. His book is but a handful of careless notes, perhaps, but it has fulfilled its aim, convinced its readers of the charm of this country of the unexpected, where a common greeting to the traveller is "Vaya Vd. con Dios y que no haya novedad."

OLD DORSET. By H. J. Moule. (Cassell.)

This book may prove more of a stimulus to local patriots than many a more learned one. It shows unmistakable signs of its origin—weekly popular lectures to artisans and others. It was written to inspire interest in the unlearned, and that is an impossible thing if the instructed express all the doubts and difficulties of his subject, and if he be not a bold man given to large generalisations. The chapters on the pre-Roman remains, on the cars of the Celts, for instance, are picturesque and interesting, and should set every Dorset man scanning his downs and dales with fresh eyes. They are most heretically bold. Nevertheless Mr. Moule has the gift of winning sympathy with his subject, and though Dorset has not many of the so-called great events to its share, before we finished the lectures we were almost converted to think of it as the choicest spot in England, and to echo with enthusiasm,

"Vor Dorset dear,
Then gie woone cheer,
D'ye heer? Woone cheer!"

BURNS' HIGHLAND MARY. Edited by John D. Ross. (A. Gardner.)

ISOBEL BURNS (Mrs. Begg). A Memoir by her Grandson. (A. Gardner.)

Mary Campbell, who is immortal because a poet pledged his troth to her on the "banks of the winding Ayr," and because he left clinging to her memory some of the loveliest of his songs, has been the inspiration of much biographical research recorded in prose, and of many imaginative flights in verse. The articles, rhapsodies, and lyrics which have been paid as tribute to her, "the lingering star," have been collected by a Burns' enthusiast, and in them we find all that is likely ever to be known of her history. The portrait at the beginning is, alas, only that of her grandniece. The little book should be in the hands of every pilgrim who, after visiting Dumfries and Ayr, does not forget to seek the grave of Mary in the old Greenock kirkyard.

The other Burns' book, the memoirs of the poet's youngest sister, has been printed in a limited edition before. It is the description of a strong Scotch character, of a much-tried woman of fine temperament and robust brain. She was Burns' confidante, sang his songs for him, and always loved and defended him. Whether or not the fire of poetry burned in her, her literary faculty was remarkable. There are letters of hers in this book which, as the expression of a scantily educated peasant's thoughts, are nothing less than wonderful.

THE ELEMENTS OF ENGLISH CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY. By F. C. Montague. 3s. 6d. (Longmans.)

This handbook is adapted for senior students in elementary schools, or, as the writer says, for "those who are only beginning to read history." It is a book that the practical and busy citizen might keep beside him, for it will answer the simpler questions, at least, that his newspaper or his party may suggest to him. Professor Montague, in the space at his disposal, could not make a very readable book, but he has made one that is sound, accurate, and convenient.

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[*See p.* 187].

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SLATER, J. H.—Early Editions, Bibliographical Survey of the Works of some Popular Modern Authors, 21/- net .....K. Paul

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THUDICUM, J. L. W.—A Treatise on Wines, 6/- .....Bell

[*Full of exact and interesting information on viticulture and vinification in all the wine-making countries of the world. Though mainly a scientific and technical book, it is of great interest in parts to amateurs. Outwardly it is a delightful specimen of beautiful and appropriate binding.*]

URBANITZKY, Dr. A. R. van.—Electricity in the Service of Man, trans. by R. Wormell, 10/6 ..... Cassell

VINES, S. H.—A Student's Text-Book of Botany (first half), 7/6 Sonnenschein

Virgil's Æneid, Book 5, trans. into English by A. Nesbit, 1/6 ...Clive

WALKER, J. E.—The Voice of the Stars, 5/-.....E. Stock

Warwick Shakespeare, The. Hamlet. Edited by E. K. Chambers, 1/6..... .....Blackie

[*The Warwick Shakespeare should put an end to the existence of the old dry-as-dust editions of the plays that a few years ago were all the vogue for school use. In an excellent series this play seems to be specially well edited. The explanations given are enough to give a young reader a clear idea of its meaning and its vocabulary, while such appendices as The First Quarto, The Pre-Shakesperian Hamlet, Goethe and Coleridge on Hamlet, etc., will give an intelligent student more than an inkling of what literature, literary history, and literary criticism mean.*]

WETTSTEIN, Dr. H.—Elements of Natural Science, Part 3, 2/6 Newmann

WRIGHTSON, J.—Sheep, Breeds, and Management, 3/6, Live Stock Handbooks .....Vinton

ZWICK, Dr. H.—Optical Experiments, 2/-.....Newmann

MISCELLANEOUS.

ACLAND, H. W., and RUSKIN, J.—The Oxford Museum .... G. Allen

[*Dr. Acland's part of this book was published in 1859. That has now been supplemented by several letters from Mr. Ruskin which were omitted then. It is an interesting chapter in the history of the revival of healthy art in England, and Mr. Ruskin's letters on Gothic Architecture, its meaning and adaptability, are well worth reading, apart from any interest we may feel in the Oxford Museum, the planning of which called them forth. The book contains, by-the-by, among its interesting illustrations, an excellent recent likeness of Mr. Ruskin.*]

Annual Burns' Chronicle and Club Directory—Edited by D. McNaught 1/6.....Brown, Kilmarnock

[*This is a highly interesting number of the "Annual." Mr. Aitken, the editor of the Aldine Edition, contributes some additional Burns' letters, Mr. Higgins an article on Alloway and vicinity, and Dr. Adams, of Glasgow hotly defends the memory of the poet from Mr. Lang's faint praise. The bibliographical notes are full and valuable, and the whole "Annual" shows that Burns is more fortunate in his Society than some other poets have been.*]

ASHTON, J.—Varia, 10/6.....Ward and Downey

Bacon's Essays, "Scott Library," 1/6 ..... Scott

[*No more satisfactory cheap edition could be found. Mr. Buchan's introduction is intelligent and suitable to its purpose.*]

BIRRELL, A.—Essays about Men, Women, and Books. 5/-..E. Stock

BORGEAUD, C.—The Rise of Modern Democracy in Old and New England, trans. by Mrs. B. Hill, 2/6..... Sonnenschien

BOYESEN H. H.—Commentary on the Works of Henrik Ibsen, 7/6 Heinemann

Current Literature, vol. 1, compiled and edited by C. Mack Jost. Edwards, Dunlop

[*An epitome of works issued and announced from Jan. 1st, 1893, to Dec. 22nd, 1893, specially selected for the market of United Australia. The use of such a monthly periodical to Australia is obvious. It might be a convenient record of publications for this country too, were it not that the English publishers' names are omitted from most of the lists, and that the inclusion of the wrappers and all the advertisements make it very unwieldy. There is no index.*]

DAVIDSON, J.—Baptist Lake, 3/6 ..... Ward and Downey

Debrett's House of Commons. The Judicial Bench, 1894.....Dean

[*Accurate and up to date as usual. It includes a summary of party changes since the General Election, a list of new peers, particulars of bye elections, etc. Debrett is not only reliable, it is easy of reference, and wonderfully clear and good in type.*]

GOSSIP, G. H. D.—The Chess Pocket Manual, 2/6.....E. Arnold

HENNIKER, F.—Outlines, 6/- ..... Hutchinson

ISIDORE.—Love, Marriage, and Happiness, 2/6 .....Happiness

[*Advice to those "who are left to their own resources." The advice and caution is sometimes sensible enough, if a little trite, but Isidore may be the means of spoiling a good many promising alliances by counselling girls to "manage by some contrivance to get their young man to go to an accredited phrenologist.*]

JOCELINE, E.—The Mother's Legacy to her Unborn Child, Introduction by the Bishop of Rochester, 4/6.....Macmillan

Ladies in the Field, Sketches of Sport, edited by the Lady Greville, 6/- Longman's Advanced Book-keeping, by A. Nixon, 3/6.... Longmans

MACKINLAY, J. M.—Folk-lore of Scottish Lochs and Springs, 5/- net. Hodge, Glasgow

MATHIESON.—Provincial Highest and Lowest Prices, 1894 issue, 2/6 Mathieson

MORTIMER, Mrs.—Object Lesson Notes for Infants and the Lower Standards, 3/6

ORTOLI, F.—Evening Tales, done into English from the French by J. C. Harris, 6/- .....S. Low

PRICE, Rev. A. C.—Nature Teachings for the Young, Flowers and Bible Trees, 2/6.....Price

ROSS, J. D.—Highland Mary, 2/6 .....A. Gardner

ROPER, C.—Where the Birds Sing, a Selection of Rustic Sketches, 2/6 Rivington

TREVOR-BATTYE, A.—Pictures in Prose of Nature, Wild Sport, and Humble Life, 6/- ..... Longmans
VAUX, Rev. J. E.—Church Folk-lore, 10/6..... Griffith and Farran
Virgilius, the Sorcerer of Rome, The Wonderful History of, Englished for the first time, 1/- ..... Nutt
WALKER, Mrs. L.—Varied Occupations for Infants, 2/6 ..... Hughes
West Irish Folk-tales and Romances, collected and translated by W. Larminie, 6/- ..... E. Stock
WHATLEY, G. E. S.—Hotel Book-keeping, Tabular System; General Book-keeping for Traders, Merchants, etc., 5/- each.
Xenophon's Art of Horsemanship, translated by M. H. Morgan, 3/6

NEW EDITIONS.

Disestablishment, The Case for..... Liberation Society
[*A thoroughly revised edition of a convenient handbook. Several chapters have been added to bring the facts and the material for the "case" up to date. In its present form the book is invaluable to politicians for purposes of attack or defence.*]
JAMES, H.—Partial Portraits, Eversley Series, 3/6 ..... Macmillan
JEFFERIES, R.—Toilers of the Field, 3/6, Silver Library.... Longmans

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between Jan. 15th and Feb. 15th, 1894:—

LONDON, E.C.

1. God's City. Scott Holland. 7s. 6d.
2. Lessons for Christian Workers. 1s.
3. Preachers of the Age volumes. 3s. 6d.
4. The Kingdom of God. Tolstoi. 3s. 6d.
5. Village Sermons. 2nd series. Church. 6s.
6. Heavenly Twins. Sarah Grand. 6s.

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Weyman: A Gentleman of France.
2. Tolstoi: The Kingdom of God.
3. Sarah Grand: The Heavenly Twins.
4. Bishop Westcott: The Incarnation.
5. Ball: The Story of the Sun.
6. Mr. Ruskin's Books.

LIVERPOOL.

1. Gentleman of France. 6s.
2. Heavenly Twins. 6s.
3. Bonar's Life. 6s. (Hodder.)
4. Ships that Pass in Night. 3s. 6d.
5. Last Sentence. 6s.
6. Hazell's Annual. 3s. 6d.

MANCHESTER.

1. Sarah Grand's Heavenly Twins. 6s.
2. Benson's Dodo. 6s.
3. Routledge's Hearth and Home Library. 1s.
4. Braddon's All along the River.
5. Black's Novels.
6. Hardy's Novels.

BRADFORD.

1. The Heavenly Twins. Grand. 6s.
2. The Cloister and the Hearth. Reade. 6d.
3. The Kingdom of God. Tolstoi. 3s. 6d.
4. Essays about Men, Women, and Books. Birrell. 5s.
5. A Gentleman of France. Weyman. 6s.
6. Ideala. Grand. 6s.

HULL.

1. Sarah Grand's Heavenly Twins. 6s.
2. O. Schreiner's Story of an African Farm. 3s. 6d.
3. Braddon's All Along the River. 2s. 6d. and 2s.
4. Family Story Tellers. 1s.
5. Clarke Russell's Jack's Courtship. 2s. 6d.
6. Encore Reciter. 3s. 6d.

EDINBURGH.

1. The Heavenly Twins, by Sarah Grand. Cheap edition. 6s. (Heinemann.)
2. The Epistle to the Romans. By H. C. G. Moule, M.A. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
3. A Gentleman of France. By Stanley J. Weyman. Cheap edition. 6s. (Longmans & Co.)
4. The Incarnation and Common Life. By Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D. 9s. (Macmillan & Co.)
5. Essays about Men, Women, and Books. By Augustine Birrell. 5s. (Elliot Stock.)
6. The Kingdom of God is Within You. By Count Leo Tolstoi. 3s. 6d. (W. Scott.)

GLASGOW.

1. The Heavenly Twins. By Sarah Grand. 6s.
2. The Stickit Minister. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
3. Tennyson's Idylls. By M. W. Maccallum. 7s. 6d. (Maclehose & Sons.)
4. The Kingdom of God. By Tolstoi. 3s. 6d.
5. Illustrated Bible Dictionary. By Easton. 5s.
6. Suwarta and other Sketches. 2s. (Nelson.)

ABERDEEN.

1. St. Ronan's Well (Border edition of the Waverley Novels). 2 vols. 6s. each.
2. Grand (S.). The Heavenly Twins. 6s.
3. Reade (Chas.). The Cloister and the Hearth. Reissue. 6d. and 1s.
4. Mackinlay's Folk-Lore of Scottish Lochs and Springs. 6s. net.
5. Tools for Teachers. Compiled by William Moodie. 5s.
6. The Works of William Law (Reprints):—A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life; The Spirit of Prayer and the Spirit of Love. 1s. and 1s. 6d. each.

DUBLIN.

1. The New Irish Library. 3 vols. Paper, 1s.; cloth, 2s. (Unwin.)
2. Dodo. Benson. 6s. (Methuen.)
3. Heavenly Twins. Grand. 6s. (Heinemann.)
4. The Place of Dreams. By author of 'New Antigone.' 2s. 6d. (Art & Book Co.)
5. Life of St. Francis Borgia. 6s. (Burns & Oates.)
6. Didon's Christ. 2 vols. 12s. (K. Paul.)

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

TRADE NOTES.

LONDON, W.C.
(*Second-hand.*)

Trade has been much brisker this month, especially with books of a sporting character.

LIVERPOOL.
(*Second-hand.*)

For first editions, Jefferies and Browning particularly, and Lang and Stevenson, there is very little trade. During the last six months very little has been done in this department. Strong inquiry for J. M. Barrie and George Meredith. Considerable demand for good modern theology. Trade generally quiet.

BIRMINGHAM.

The Birmingham Wesleyan Methodist Council has appointed the Midland Educational Company to act as the Wesleyan bookroom for local purposes. This marks a new departure.

NORFOLK.

Two rare first editions of the poet Wordsworth, viz., An Evening Walk, and Descriptive Sketches, 4to, 1793, were recently secured, and probably saved from destruction, by a member of the book trade here.

BURNLEY.

A fair demand for theological books, commentaries, etc. Some old favourites, such as Matthew Henry and Barnes, having a revival. Trade not quite at its normal condition yet, but signs of improvement.

YORK.

The Free Library was recently opened here. It has been successful. The number of readers is increasing so rapidly that in some departments—especially fiction—the number of books is insufficient. As yet, it is almost universally alleged, this has made no difference to the trade. Business has preserved its characteristic steadiness. Lately it has perhaps been more steady than usual. There is no doubt a revival would be appreciated. The number of bookstalls in the market has increased, and the quality of books offered improved. A better class of books are exhibited here than we usually see on bookstalls.

ST. LEONARDS.

Business has been rather better since Christmas, the following books being in specially good demand: 'The Heavenly Twins,' 'Ships that Pass in the Night,' 'Dodo,' and 'The Catholic Religion' (by Staley).

Books of devotion for Lent are also selling freely.

HEREFORD.

Mr. Carver's Catalogue No. 3, containing Ingoldsby Legends, set, all 1st editions, Early Corneille's Theatre, set Norman Gale's works, etc., will be ready early in March.

DUMFRIES.

The recent books on Africa have been legion, and readers have got a surfeit of them, but Selous' and Lugard's books have given them a fresh start; and Dr. Livingstone's Life and Travels, as well as Stanley's books, keep still to the front.

The demand for local histories is still increasing, and first editions of these and other scarce books are in much request.

DUBLIN.

Mr. Edward Massey, son of the well-known Cork bookseller, has opened premises in Dublin in a central position, and purposes carrying on a new and second-hand bookselling business.

BOOKS WANTED.

H. R. ALLENSON, 30, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

Gordon Foot's Translations from the Japanese into English verse.
Crawley's Pilgrimage to Parnassus.
Heygate's Why I am a Churchman.
Romanes' Mental Evolution in Man.
Abbey's Sacred Poetry of 18th Century.
Thirlwall's Charges.

ANDERSON & SON, DUMFRIES.

Bayne's Lessons from my Masters.
Hogg's Life of Dr. John Wightman.
Harper's Rambles in Galloway.
Ramage's Drumlanrig and the Douglases.
Tipple's Sermons, not Echoes, but any other volumes.
Moorland Rhymes, by R. W. Reid.
Japp's Three Great Teachers.
Tulloch's Movements of Religious Thought.

EDWARD BAKER, 14 & 16, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Railway Magazine, 1843-44.
Bradshaw's Railway Guides, paper covers, before 1845.
Bradshaw's Railway Companion, pub. Derby, 1840.

J. BAKER & SON, CLIFTON.

Burke's Peerage, 1893.

BARNICOTT & PEARCE, TAUNTON.

Pall Mall Magazine, December, 1893.
Atkinson's Moorland Parish.
Moule's Old Dorset.
Collyns' Chase of the Wild Red Deer.
Steel Portraits of Notable Authors, 9 by 6 about.
Blunt on the Reformation.

A. BROWN, 15, BRISTO PLACE, EDINBURGH.

Baird Lecture, 1889.
Dulce Cor, by Crockett, author of Stickit Minister.
Valate Fraters, ditto.
Decameron, Chatto edn.
Any books on Postage Stamps.
Bishop Wilson's Maxims.

THOMAS BROWN & CO., 9, RAY STREET, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON.

Lathbury's Nonjurors.
Brett's Liturgies.
Patritii De Evangelis, 2 vols, 1853.
Matthew's Bible, folio, 1537.
Cranmer's " " 1540.
Coverdale's " " 1535.

Book of Common Prayer, folio, Edinburgh, 1637.
Do., London, 1662.
Do., Smith or Bettenham, 1718.

JOHN BRUNSKILL, 12, NEVILLE STREET, YORK.

Books on Railways, especially N.E.R.
Books on Bibliography.
Local Books (York and Yorkshire).
„ „ (Westmoreland).

JAS. CAMPBELL, WOODSIDE COTTAGE, BUSBY BY GLASGOW.

History of Luss on Loch Lomond, Scotland.
Fairlight Glen, by John Fullwood.
History of East Kilbride in Lanarkshire, Scotland.

THOMAS CARVER, 6, HIGH STREET, HEREFORD.

Maclise Portrait Gallery.
Picturesque Palestine, parts 35-41, 2s. 6d. each (Virtue).
Daltons, by Lever, vol. 2, ½-calf, 1852.
Ben Jonson, Beaumont, etc., 4 vols., 8vo, 1811, vol. 1 only.
Gibbon's Rome, 1783, 8vo, 12 vols., vols. 1 and 2 only.
Robinson Crusoe, Stothard's plates, vol. 2, 1790.

W. E. CLEGG, 30, MARKET PLACE, OLDHAM.

Baring-Gould's Mystery of Suffering.
Schoolmaster, Nos. 1098, 1100, 1110, 1111, 1117, of vol. xliii.
Molly Darling.
Quiver, May, 1891.
Count Hamilton's Fairy Tales, 3s. 6d. edn.
Graham's Ready Reckoner.
Sir David Brewster on the Kaleidoscope.

W. J. CLYMA, TRURO.

Allen's History of Liskeard.
Condy's Cothele Cornwall, col. plates.
Norden's History of Cornwall.
Ancient Christmas Carols of West of England. Collected by Davies Gilbert.
Gilchrist's Facts and Incidents.
Keats' Specimens of Early English, part 2.

CORNISH BROS., 37, NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Strand Magazine, vols. 1, 2, 3, 4.
Magazine of Art, 1890 and 1891.
Lorenzo Benoni.
Masson's British Novelists.
Stedman's Victorian Poets.
Cross' Autobiography of a Stage Coachman, 1861.
Symonds' Age of the Despots (Smith, Elder).

J. E. CORNISH, 16, ST. ANN'S SQUARE, MANCHESTER.

Pall Mall Magazine, Dec., 1893.
Natural Science, part 8.
Dr. Young's Christ in History.
Brook's Henry, Earl of Morland.
Gibbon's The Cavaliers.
Cassell's Royal Shakespeare, part 33.
Miraband's System of Nature.
Ormerod's Cheshire, L.P., part 16.
Cox's Jeshua Rabbi.
Geikie's Backwoods of Canada.

H. DOOLEY, STOCKPORT.

Sheldon's Dairy Farming, coloured plates (Cassell).
Portfolio, 1872.
Cassell's Magazine, October, 1887.
Dickens' Christmas Stories (parts). Household Edition.
Photographic Quarterly, No. 1.

ANDREW ELLIOT, 17, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

James Howde's Perfect Description of People & Country of Scotland, 4to, 1649.
Sulliman's Journal of Travels in England, Holland, Scotland, etc., in 1805-6, 2 vols. New York, 1810.

R. A. EVERETT, 67, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Wordsworth's Poems, 1790, 4to editions.
Mountaineering in 1860.
Stevenson's Donkey, 1878.
Jackson's Old Paris, 2 vols., 1878.

JOHN GALWEY, 17, GARRICK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Yules' Marco Polo's Travels, 2 vols., 1875.
Smith's Catalogue Raisonne, 9 vols.
Wycherley's Plays, 2 vols., 1720.
Mark Pattison's Life of Casaubon.
Jane Austen's Pride and Prejudice, 1st ed. uncut.
Mills' Dissertation, vol. 4.

ALEXANDER GARDNER, PAISLEY.

Scottish Review, No. 10.
Castles and Mansions of Ayrshire.
Kinsey's Language Course for Deaf and Dumb.

WM. GEORGE'S SONS, BRISTOL.

Dunster and its Lords.
Half-Hours with Letter-Writers.
Poetæ Lirici Græci, 3 vols.

GOULDEN & NYE, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Ethel Woodville, 2 vols. (Hatchards).

HARRISON & SONS, 59, PALL MALL, S.W.

United Service Magazine, June and July, 1890.
Bateman's Great Landowners, 1883.
Byron's Life and Letters, 3 vols., 8vo.
Brakespeare.
Ankros.
Pugilistica, part 2 to end.
Fur and Feather Series, large paper.
Regimental Records of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

JESSE JAGGARD, SHAKESPEARE HOUSE, LIVERPOOL, W.

Ellison, Man and Nature in their Practical Relations, 2 vols., 1838.
Money; how old Brown made it, 1851.
Any Books on Freemasonry.
„ by Walter Savage Landor.
Tennyson, The Lover's Tale, 1833.
„ The Victim, 1867.

WALTER JARVIS, 42, LONDON STREET, READING.

Napier's Florentine History, cloth, 1846-7, vol. 6 only.

P. S. KING & SON, 5, KING STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

Rew, A., Banking in Scotland.
Lovett Cameron: A North Country Maid.

LEEDS PUBLIC LIBRARY, REFERENCE DEPARTMENT.

Aytoun's Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, illus. edn.
Audsley's Dictionary of Architecture, all after vol. 2.
Health, vols. 1-3.
New Review, Oct., Nov., Dec., 1890.
Gwilt's Encyclopædia of Architecture.
Chambers' Orders of Architecture.
Wornum's Analysis of Ornament.
Jacobsthal's Grammar of Ornament.
Albertolli's Ornament.
Hutchinson's Durham, 4to, vol. 3.
Life of Chas. Kingsley, vol. 1, 8vo (K. Paul).
Berkeley's Upper Ten Thousand, vol. 1, 8vo.
Angus Smith's Air and Rain.

LUPTON BROS., BURNLEY, LANCS.

Burns' Merry Muses.
Jefferies' (R.) Goddards, Suez-cide, and Greene Ferne Farm.
Maxwell's Wild Sports of the West, 2 vols.
Encyclopædia Britannica, 9th edn., cheap copy for binding.
Motley's Dutch Republic, 3 vols., 8vo, cloth.
Froude's England, 12 vols., 8vo, cloth.

MACNIVEN & WALLACE, 138, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

Lang's Blue Fairy Book L.P.
Burkhard's Cicerone.
The Liverpool Pulpit.
Notes and Queries, Jan., 1880.

N. MASSEY, 84, PATRICK STREET, CORK, IRELAND.

Wilde's Boyne and Blackwater.
Books in the Irish Language.
Belfast Printed Books.
Petrie's Round Towers of Ireland.

B. & J. F. MEEHAN, 32, GAY STREET, BATH.

Confessions of an Etonian.
Sowerby's English Botany, 12 vols., 1863-86, or odd vols.

Byron; all editions, or anything relating to.
Foss's Judges of England, 9 vols.
From John O' Groats to Land's End.
Horticultural Cabinet; set.
Maturin's Eva, 2 vols.
Walton's Complete Angler, all editions; give date, price, etc.

MIDLAND EDUCATIONAL COMPANY, BIRMINGHAM.

A Modern Apostle, 2 copies, Constance Naden.
Neale's Views of Country Seats.
Verses by Margaret Deland, not illustrated.
Life of Joseph Labre, Oratorian series.
The Nourishment of the Soul, Martin's.

MIDLAND EDUCATIONAL COMPANY, 164, THE PARADE, LEAMINGTON SPA.

Burke's Peerage, 1893.
King of the Peak.
Bentham's Botany, 2 vols.
Archery Books, any.
Stillman's Horse in Motion.
Ecce Homo.

F. W. NAUNTON, VICTORIA ROAD, GREAT YARMOUTH.

Ireland's Napoleon, 4 vols.
Syntax's Napoleon, 1815 or 1817.
Kilkenny Archæology, 1849-51.
A'Beckett's Comic England, parts 8, 9, 15.

PARRY & CO., 20, MOUNT PLEASANT, LIVERPOOL.

Baring Gould (S.), any works.
Hazlitt (William), any works, 1st edition.
Buckle's History of Civilisation, 8vo, vol. 2.
Burns' Poems, Golden Treasury, vol. 1.
Caldecott: House that Jack Built, 1st issue.
P.M.G. extras, No. 1, Pictures of the Year, 1883.
Shore (Louisa), Elegies, 1883.
Grimm's Goblins, plates by H. K. Browne.
Hall and Knight's Higher Algebra.
De Morgan: Budget of Paradoxes.

G. PETRIE, 52, NETHERGATE, DUNDEE.

Robt. Fergusson's Poetical Works, 8vo, 1807.
Stock Exchange Securities, an Essay on the General Causes of the Fluctuations in their Prices (Geo. Bell & Son).

JAMES SLACK, DURHAM.

Macaulay's England, vol. 5, 8vo.
Proctor on Prayer Book.
Daniels on Prayer Book.
Lightfoot's Commentaries on Epistles.
Electrical Researches of Cavendish.

WALTER T. SPENCER, 27, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Lever's Rent in a Cloud, any edition.
Dickens' Pickwick Papers, part 6.
Stevenson's New Arabian Nights, vol. 1, 1882.

G. E. STECHERT, 30, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

Economic Review, part 1 to 10.
English Catalogue of Books, vol. 2, 3.
Contemporary Review, 1869-70.
Library Association Transactions, 4th to 8th meeting.

CHAS. THURNAM & SONS, CARLISLE.

Bruce's Handbook to Roman Wall.
Prescott's Statutes of Carlisle Cathedral.
Lardner's Museum of Science and Art.

JOHN F. WERGE, 3, KING'S CROSS TERRACE, BEAN STREET, HULL.

Cassell's Family Physician.
Punch, vols. 4, 7, 48, 50, 56, 60, 61, 70, 71, 72.
Ashworth's Strange Tales.
Popular Educator, last edn.
History of Sheffield Flood.
Poulsen's History of Beverley.
Hazell's Annual, 1892-3.

WHITTAKER & WILLIAMS, ROYAL VICTORIA LIBRARY, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.

Portraits and Autographs, Stead.
Handbook in Retreat, Body.
Fasting Communion, Kingdon.
Three in Norway.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

J. BAKER & SON, CLIFTON.

L.P. A. Lang Scott, 14s. per vol., set No. 8.
L.P. Pied Piper of Hamelin, Thomson (Heinemann), 17s. 6d.